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FROM THE EDITOR

AS MANY of you astute *Penthouse* readers observed, we completely crushed with an unprecedented success last month. Yes, the Hangover Issue was peppered with references about how we *almost* elected Donald Trump, how we just barely avoided total geopolitical catastrophe–an assumption I blithely made as if there was no chance of the Donald actually becoming Commander in Cheeto. Even now, I hesitate to write this because so much is still uncertain…and things may be markedly different by the time you read this. Perhaps Herr Trump was inaugurated on January 20 and all went according to his master race…ahem…plan. Perhaps he came to his senses and abdicated his throne because, "Gotcha, bitch." Or perhaps his heart exploded and he's rotting in a tacky, gold-plated Trump-blazoned casket while Mike Pence pretends to not be the first gay President of the United States. The fuck if I know…but things are undoubtedly interesting. Sure, Trump was elected into office two days before last month's issue went to press, but I was so sickened by the results, I couldn't bring myself to implement any of the corrections. I wasn't ready to embrace the new reality. I'm still not. Which is why I spent the last few weeks giving my brain a staycation, smoking weed, eating snack food, and misplacing my keys. I hope you enjoy this escape as much as I did.

Raphie Aronowitz
whatthefuck@penthouse.com

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PET OF THE MONTH

Live off the grid with our March Pet, Riley Nixon.

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December 2016 Pet of the Month Blake

MAIL DOMINANCE

BIBLICAL JERK

In the article "Does Porn Cause Harm?" Alan Dershowitz states that the Bible prohibits masturbation and refers to the story of Onan in the Old Testament. However, Onan was sentenced to death because he refused to have sex with a gorgeous woman. Masturbation, per se, is not stated as a crime in the Bible.

–Michael K., via email

[Ed: Jesus H. Christ, Michael. You're going to make me research Bible verses now? Yes, Onan was sentenced to death because he wouldn't impregnate his sister-in-law, but the way he chose to not impregnate her was to rub one out and shoot his load on the ground in protest. Sounds a lot like masturbation to me.]

MAN STUFF!

Is this a men's magazine, or a magazine aimed at sexually confused, 14-year-old losers? I mean, I'm expecting to see stupid articles like "The Excitement of LARPing" or "Inside Dungeons and Dragons." A few months back my girlfriend was skimming through *Penthouse* and asked me, "What's this pussy-ass shit?" Seriously. Try making your magazine manly. It needs it.

–Nash, via email

[Ed: Your girlfriend sounds hot. If she needs me, I'll be drinking Fireballs, flying my Apache warcopter to my Jetski garage while dropping TNT on endangered sea mammals, and finger-banging smokin' hot twin bitches who may or may not be there against their will.]

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UCLA Bruins suck balls...and so does Brian.

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SQUAD

1. Mish Barber-Way ("Sex Pot" and "High Maintenance") is a freelance writer whose work has been published in the *Los Angeles Times, VICE,* and *Hustler*. She is the sex and relationship columnist in the Vancouver newspaper *Westender,* where she helps people fall out of love with escorts and leave serial cheaters. She also fronts the critically acclaimed punk rock band White Lung.

2. Name: **Dave Carnie** (Endgame and Rough Text)
Measurements: 43D-43-43 | Height: 7' | Weight: 666 lbs.
Hair: Brown | Eyes: Green | Sign: Sagittarius | Hometown: Los Angeles

3. After 50 years of teaching, **Alan M. Dershowitz** is now professor emeritus at Harvard Law School. He is also the author of 35 books, more than a thousand articles, and numerous blogs. He continues to defend freedom of speech and the rights of criminal defendants.

4. Steve Faber (Washingwood) worked in Washington, D.C., and found the experience highly amusing. He later moved on to show business, writing for TV and film (*Wedding Crashers* and *We're the Millers*). Having worked in both D.C. and Hollywood, he realized there's not a split-hair difference between them.

5. L.A.-based artist **Todd Francis** has created iconic skateboard graphics for companies like Antihero (he created the original Eagle logo), Element, Real, Spitfire, and Stereo. He's also partnered on signature design projects with Vans, Stance, HUF, and Firestone Walker. His studio art has been shown in galleries around the world.

6. Matt Gallagher (Embrace the Suck) is the author of the novel *Youngblood,* published in 2016 by Atria/Simon & Schuster. A U.S. Army veteran of Iraq, he's also the author of the nonfiction memoir *Kaboom: Embracing the Suck in a Savage Little War,* and coeditor of, and contributor to, the short fiction collection *Fire and Forget*.

7. Jason Johnson. Twenty-one-year veteran in the art industry. Has worked with DC and Marvel comics, *Maxim* and *Stuff* magazines, and Sony Online Entertainment, to name a few. Has drawn properties such as The Flash, Knight Rider, and The Howling. CEO/Creative Director of JKJ Creative. Unstoppable force.

8. Leah McSweeney (Hot Lines) is founder and CEO of the New York City-based Married to the Mob clothing line. In addition to being a regular contributor to such online publications as *Hypebeast,* Leah is cohost of the podcast *Improper Etiquette,* with hip-hop radio personality Laura Stylez.

9. Author of Vice media's *Skinema,* the only porn-review book that fails to review any videos, editor-at-large **Chris Nieratko** (Are You Lonesome Tonight?) brings his evasive literary gag to our monthly sex-toy column.

10. Artist and contributor **PEL** is a decorated military veteran turned creative director focused on multimedia art, fashion, graphic design, and brand development for many clothing and sneaker lines, including Uniqlo, Joseph Abboud, Reebok, and Nike.

11. Sam Phillips is a 24-year veteran of the Penthouse brand. Sam also starred in one of the most terrifying horror films of the eighties (in our minds, at least), *Phantasm II*. Most recently, she coproduced the stand-up comedy documentary *Dying Laughing*.

12. Art goon **Porous Walker** is like your penis. He also loves to draw and laugh. He hopes you laugh or don't laugh at his drawings.

13. Cintra Wilson ("The Great White Hope") is a cultural critic and former fashion critic for the *New York Times*. Her books include *A Massive Swelling: Celebrity Re-Examined as a Grotesque Crippling Disease; Caligula for President: Better American Living Through Tyranny;* and *Fear and Clothing: Unbuckling American Style*.

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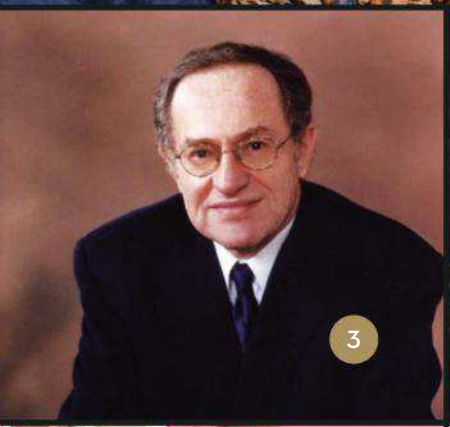
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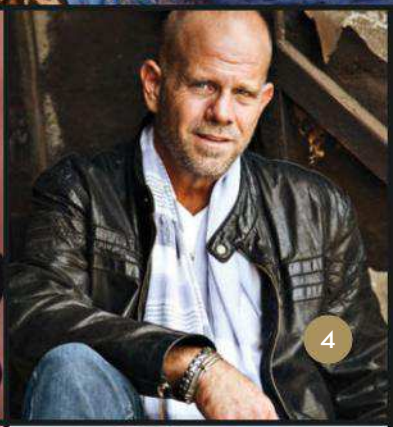
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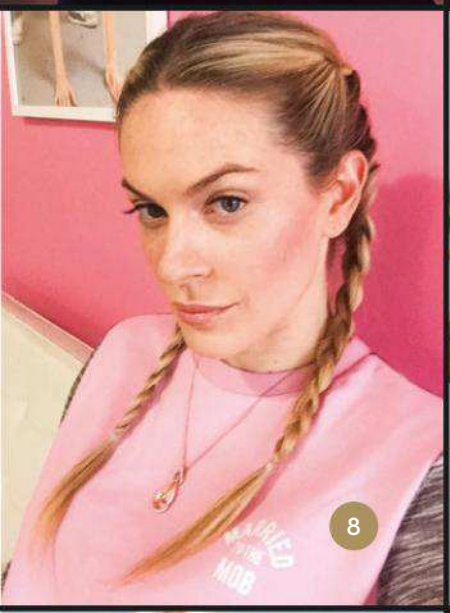
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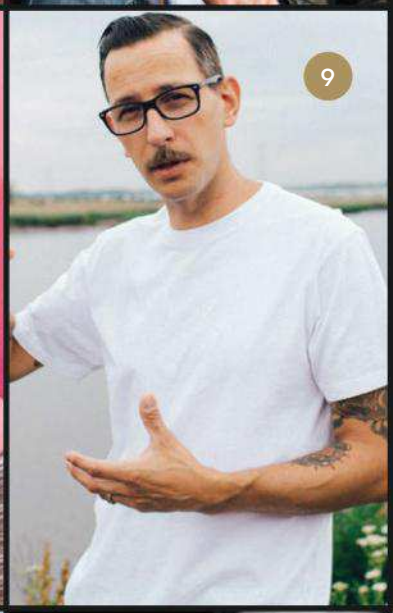
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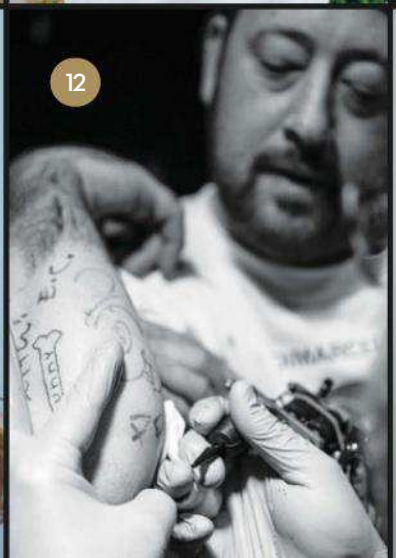
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LETTER OF THE MONTH

CLAM JUMPER

I CAN'T believe I'm writing this, but I had to tell someone. I won't tell my friends because they'd judge me.

Last month, my job sent me to a training session in Phoenix. I'd never been, and I was really excited to go. I got my nails done, my hair cut, and even got waxed, in case I had some free time to spend at the hotel pool.

I met Janie at lunch on my first day. She approached me and invited me to sit with her. I'm a little shy, so I was glad to have someone outgoing to eat lunch with and get to know. We talked a lot over our meal, and I learned that she had the same job as me, only she lives in San Francisco. I was happy to have a friend for the next few days.

We agreed to meet for dinner that evening after the too-many-sessions-and-seminars-to-count. We met up at the hotel bar, ordered wine, and compared notes. While she was sharing her insights, I noticed how beautiful she was. She had wavy red hair that fell just past her shoulders. She wore black mascara, which made her green eyes really stand out. I felt myself get a little bit turned-on as I was giving her the once-over, which surprised me. I'm not the most experienced gal, but I'm no virgin either. Though I'd never felt anything sexually for another women before.

As I casually looked her up and down, she caught my attention with her cleavage. Her tits were about the same size as mine, a small C, but the black lace of her bra was peeking out of her tight shirt, and I could see that she had an athletic body…she looked perfect in every way.

"My eyes are up here, Kristy," she teased. I turned bright red, embarrassed that I was caught checking her out. Honestly, that's never happened to me before. I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me. Janie could tell that I was uncomfortable, so she pushed my wine glass toward me and said, "I think you're gorgeous, too. I just didn't get caught." And she threw in a wink.

I couldn't make eye contact with her, but I smiled and finished the rest of my glass in one gulp. Janie motioned to the bartender to bring us another round and I didn't protest. I actually wanted something stronger, but I couldn't bring myself to open my mouth.

Janie was such a sweetheart, and she eased the tension with silly jokes, and mimicked one of the presenters from our last training session. Before I knew it, I was laughing and forgot about her catching me checking her out…and the surprise wetness that came along with it.

"Let's go to the hot tub, and then we can order room service and watch movies all night!" Janie's suggestion was exactly what I would have done if I was alone, and I agreed right away. "Grab your suit," she added. "You can change in my room."

Five minutes later, I was in the bathroom of her small suite, changing into my blue bathing suit. When I walked out, Janie was naked, standing next to the bed studying a few bikini options laid neatly on the top sheet. The wine I had earlier definitely relaxed me and I wasn't so shy checking her out this time.

Her skin was pale, almost a milky white, and looked so soft in the warm lights of the hotel room. Her breasts were round and perfect, with pinkish brown nipples that made me want to walk over and lick them. She had a patch of hair but it was trimmed short. Wow. I was really attracted to my beautiful new friend. For the first time in my life, I wanted to be with a woman.

She looked up and caught me staring again. But this time, she walked over to me. Her hand went into my hair as she approached, and she pulled my lips to hers. I'd never felt lips so soft. Her tongue was gentle as she flicked it into my mouth to meet mine. My heart raced, but didn't want her to stop.

I let myself touch her skin, my hands rubbing up and down her arms. The excitement gave me goose bumps and I started to shiver even though I wasn't cold. "We can go slow," Janie whispered. The way her breath blew past my ear was so erotic, it was like there was a line from my ear straight down to my cooch. I shook my

HER BREASTS WERE ROUND AND PERFECT, WITH PINKISH BROWN NIPPLES THAT MADE ME WANT TO LICK THEM.

head and traced my hands down her back, lightly scraping my nails on her delicate skin.

We got on the bed, Janie on her stomach with me on top, massaging her shoulders. I let my hands wander all over her smooth body, my dampness spreading through my bathing suit and onto her skin.

We switched positions, I wiggled out of my suit, and she massaged me. It was unlike anything I'd ever felt. A woman's touch is so tender and thoughtful. Her hands reached my butt, and I felt her fingers graze my pussy, but then she'd shift her attention to my thighs. She did this a few times, driving me so crazy that I lifted my butt in the air, begging her to touch me *there*.

Janie spread my legs open, and slowly slid her finger inside me. I let out a heavy breath from relief and pleasure. Her other fingers were around my lips, playing with them and brushing against my clit. No man had ever done that to me before, not like this. I rolled onto my back at that point, I was so full of blind lust and excitement.

Janie leaned down and her warm tongue met my buttercup in slow motion. I was so turned-on I could hardly breathe. I was sucking air in fast, moaning as I did. She took my nub inside her mouth and gently sucked on me, alternating between lapping and suckling. She would bring me so close to coming, and then she'd slow down only do it all over again. After a few minutes, she crawled up so that we were face to face, and put her mouth on mine. I tasted my own sweet sauce, and it made me want to see if her nectar was like mine. I shimmied myself from under her—she was still on all fours—and I got behind her.

I was nervous as I slid my fingers over her womanhood, but that was fleeting. Janie was a good teacher and she gave me instructions. "Flick your tongue on my clit, sweetie." "Now suck on me, hard!" I was intoxicated by her smell, her voice, and her velvety smoothness in my mouth.

I put one hand on my clit, masturbating as I gave her oral sex. I was smacking my lips on her so fast and hard, my nose pressing into her butt. It was so steamy and sensual, I reached the brink and didn't hold back. It was my fingers that worked the magic for me, but my mouth was still on Janie's sweetness and she felt my seizures from the orgasm. "Yeah, baby, you're there. Mmmmmmm." Damn, her voice was sexy.

She turned onto her back, and I continued to lap her up, putting two fingers inside her…still wet from my excitement. I was pumping her fast, the way I'd want to be fingered, and moaning, so she could feel the vibrations on her sensitive nub. She started to yell, "YES, YES, YES," and before I knew it, her body went limp, her eyes were closed, and there was a huge smile on her face.

We never made it to the hot tub, but explored each other's bodies over and over that night…and for the rest of the conference. I can't wait to see her at the next one!

—Kristy J., Terre Haute, Indiana

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at letters@penthouse.com.

TOMB RAIDER: ANUS OF DARKNESS

A LARA CROFT SEX DOLL IN DEVELOPMENT, LSD TO THE RESCUE, AND SOMETHING ABOUT KATY PERRY THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH HER BOOBS.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES; ROB CAIR

WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

WOMB RAIDER

THE announcement of a Lara Croft sex doll from California company RealDoll has given us nerds a reason to put the videogame controller down.

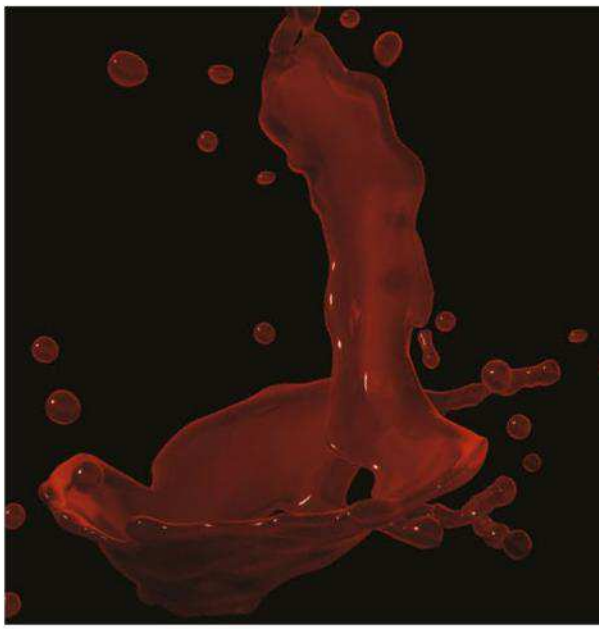
The company, which specializes in realistic sex dolls, recently began branching out into the sex-robot industry. Their proposed Croft doll would fulfill the fantasies of *Tomb Raider* fans, both the game and Angelina Jolie movie.

"A lot of prepubescent boys grew up playing *Tomb Raider* and were probably thinking, 'Wow, I'd really like to meet the real Lara Croft and get to know her,'" CEO Matt McMullen told Daily Star Online. Get to know. Indeed.

McMullen goes on to suggest that the chance of interacting with a lifelike Croft would be an "out of this world" experience, and imagines that such a doll would be an even more popular choice than, say, rubbery replicas of celebrities like Kim Kardashian and Scarlett Johansson.

The company's dolls are often based on real people, with porn stars Stormy Daniels and Samantha Saint both turned into sexy stand-ins.

RealDoll continues to develop new technologies, promising a future of dolls warm to touch, with certain parts *very* warm. Before *Tomb Raider* fans get too excited though, it should be noted that RealDoll has yet to get permission to use Croft's likeness. So for now, Lara's fans might have to keep playing solo.



WORK WORK WORK WORK

WE all have to work to earn a living, but in the case of one Chinese doctor, he nearly worked himself into the morgue.

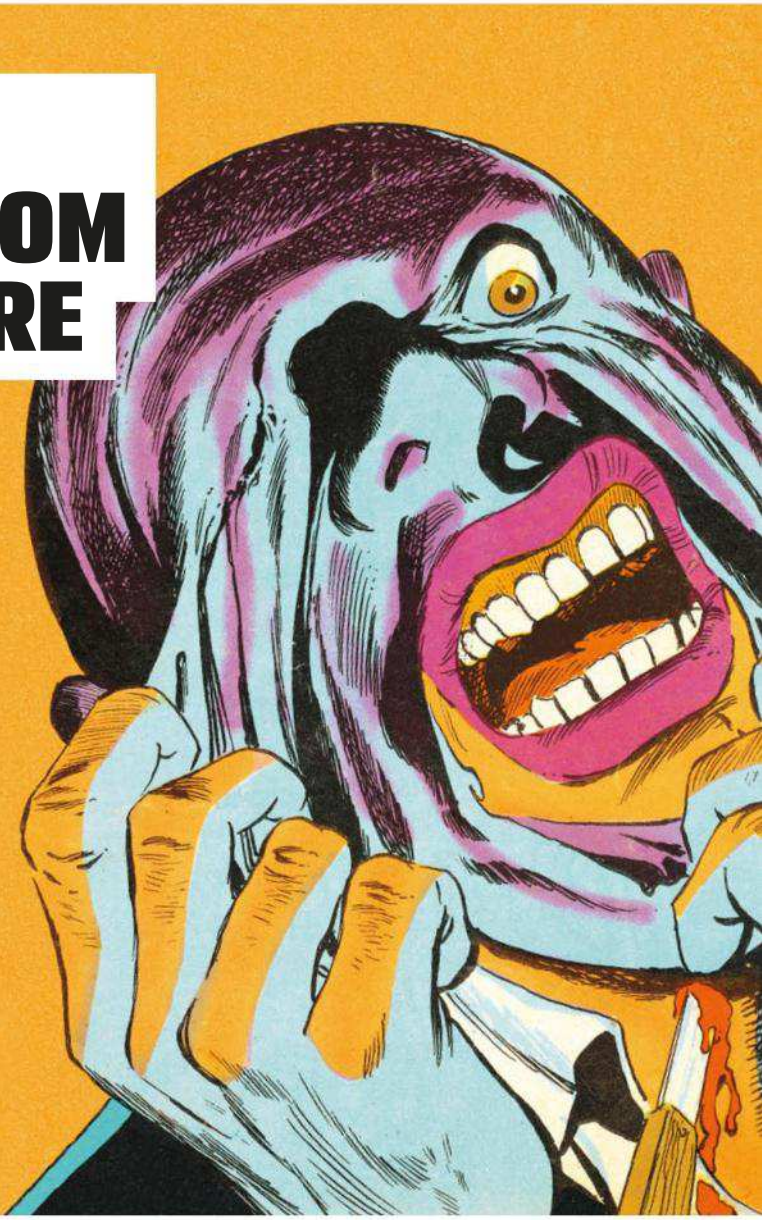
Thirty-year-old Shanghai cardiologist Zhang Wei ended a not-unusual 32-hour shift by coughing up blood, eventually losing four pints before colleagues stepped in. Closed-circuit TV captured the incident, with footage showing Wei lying on a gurney then sitting up and spewing blood onto the floor.

"This patient coughed three to five times in ten minutes. He coughed up quite a lot of blood, almost 500ml per time," said a doctor who treated Wei. Rushed to intensive care, Zhang Wei received blood and fluid transfusions before undergoing a six-hour operation to stabilize his condition.

After the video became public, Chinese citizens decried the regular work marathons of their doctors. For its part, state media reported that Wei had developed a digestive disorder caused by workload stress and his PhD exams.

PHOTO: ISTOCK / DEM10 PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / ARTHUR MOLA PHOTO: TOMB RAIDER CHRONICLES / SQUARE ENIX LTD

MAN ON LSD SAVES DOG FROM IMAGINARY FIRE



IN a heroic act, 43-year-old Michael Orchard from Halfmoon, New York, broke into his neighbor's house to save a dog from a raging inferno. At least Orchard thought he had saved a dog. In fact, he hallucinated the fire after taking LSD-laced cough syrup.

"He believed that the residence was on fire and he was rescuing the dog," Trooper Mark Cepiel told a local news station.

Once he started tripping, the upstate resident began pounding on doors, shouting about a house on fire. Getting no response from neighbors, he jumped into his black BMW, drove it through his neighbor's fence, and broke through the glass back door. When police arrived, Orchard was standing in the street proudly holding the neighbor's large white dog.

Despite his bravery, Orchard was charged with second-degree burglary and third-degree criminal mischief, and was remanded to the county jail on $15,000 bail. Although he was obviously high, he will not face any drug charges.

"He drove over yards and through a fence. At no point was he on the roadway and no illegal substances were found in his possession," Cepiel stated.

The dog was unharmed and a new door is on its way.

PHOTO: ISTOCK / CSA IMAGES/ COLOR PRINTSTOCK COLLECTION

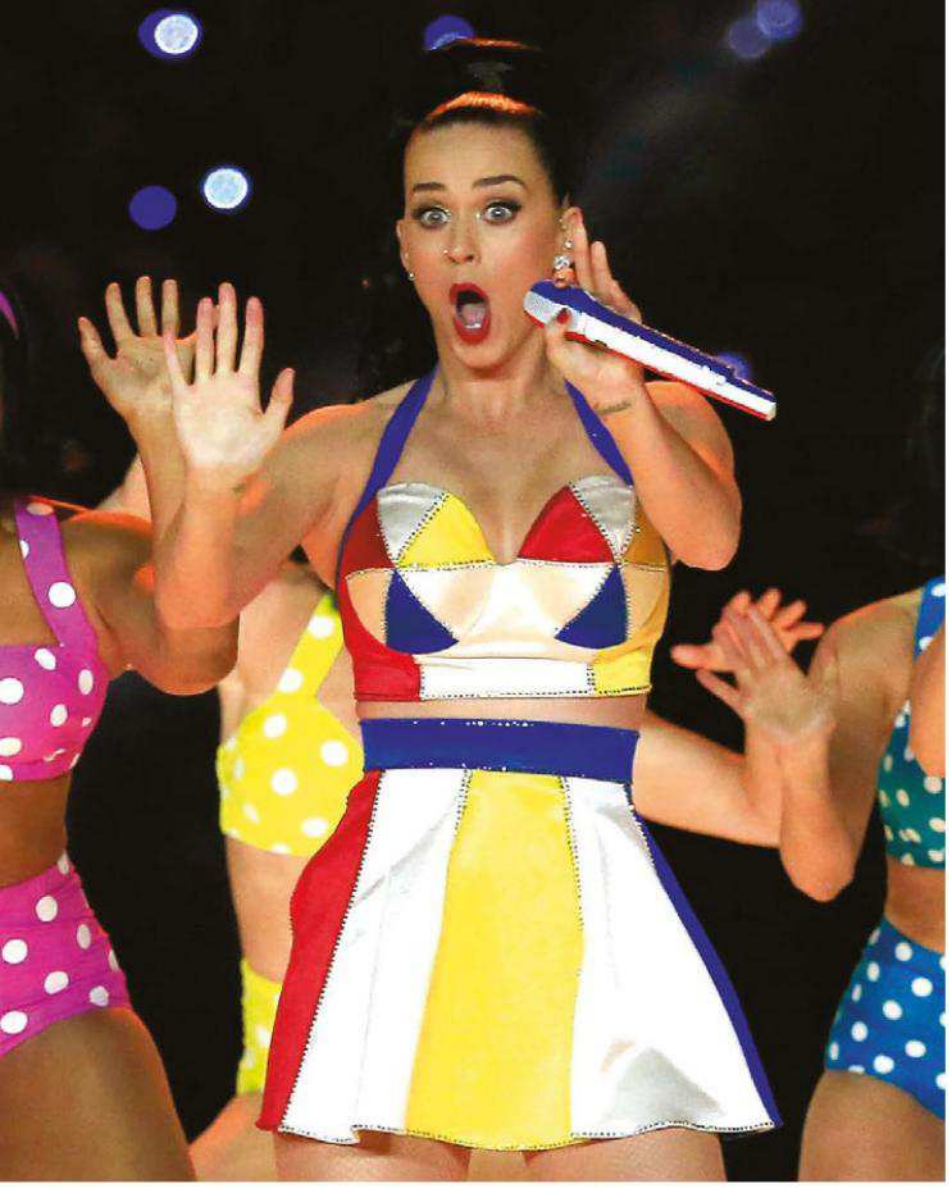
BURN, BABY, BURN

IN an unusual maneuver intended to dry rain-soaked tennis courts, officials at the ATP Challenger Tour event in Casablanca, Morocco, turned to fire.

After a torrential downpour halted a semifinal match between Belgian Arthur De Greef and Frenchman Maxime Janvier, the two returned to the court to find the deluge had rendered parts of the surface unplayable. Officials gathered, and a decision was made. Out came court workers to set the clay on fire.

ATP Challenger Tour supervisor Carl Baldwin remarked, "We had a long rain break and the side of the court was still holding lots of water on the surface. To solve this, you pour gas on it and set it alight. This isn't commonly done but I have seen it before."

Spectators, players, and tournament officials watched the gasoline ignite. Closet pyromaniacs rejoiced. Once the flames had burned themselves out, court staffers scattered bags of clay across the scorched areas and leveled the surface. The gambit worked. Play resumed, and Janvier went on to win 6-4, 6-3, advancing to his first ATP Challenger final.



JONBENET PERRY?

FLAT-EARTH believer Dave Johnson issued a YouTube video in 2014 claiming that murdered child beauty queen JonBenet Ramsey and Katy Perry are one and the same. The wack-job theory picked up online buzz late last year when JonBenet's brother Burke broke a twenty-year silence in a three-part interview with TV shrink Dr. Phil, renewing interest in the case.

JonBenet was found dead in the basement of her Boulder, Colorado, home in 1996. For years, her parents John and Patsy were the primary suspects in the unsolved murder, but their son Burke, now 29, came under suspicion as well.

Dave Johnson's view? Not only is JonBenet still alive but she released a chart-topping music single "Kissed A Girl" in 2008 under the name Katy Perry.

In his video, which has racked up millions of views, Johnson claims "liars" have spread the "myth" about JonBenet's tragic death and that "nobody died, nobody got hurt." Rejecting the notion that Patsy Ramsey died in 2006, Johnson insists that a slimmed-down Patsy is Perry's mother and a shaved-head John Ramsey is Perry's bald pastor father.

JonBenet's "sacrifice was in name only," Johnson contends. Elaborating, the conspiracy-monger says her "sacrifice was to get something, and that something was to become a star. JonBenet became Katy Perry, and that's a fact."

Katy Perry declined comment… because we never bothered to contact her…because this story is insane.

MUTANT AND PROUD

HUMAN magnet Erman Delic has been likened to Marvel comic-book villain Magneto after footage emerged of the five-year-old sticking metal objects to his skin.

In a viral video clip, three spoons, a fork, and thirteen coins are placed on the boy's chest and remain fixed in place, as do other metal utensils stuck on his back. His worried parents, residents of Bosnia and Herzegovina, took their son to doctors, who reportedly had no idea why metal objects, once placed on Erman, didn't fall to the floor.

The curious footage comes just months after a Turkish boy, Mehmet Sumbul, was filmed attaching spoons and forks to both sides of his torso. The nine-year-old told reporters his body could also attract screws, metal ashtrays, and cellphones.

"I am a strange person," Sumbul said. "When I'm angry, my magnetic field becomes stronger."

Mehmet's father Huseyin added, "He can attract any type of metal kitchenware. I haven't taken him to the hospital because he has no health issues. He is doing well at school and is good at sports, too."

These boys are not the first to exhibit what some call "human magnetism." Scientists, however, believe that what appears to be a remarkable ability is actually due to sticky skin, not magnetic powers.

PHOTO: GAMESPRESS.COM

POLLY WANNA SMASH?

A KUWAITI man's cheating ways were discovered by his wife after the couple's pet bird began repeating X-rated phrases and words.

Already suspicious of her husband and the housemaid, the wife had her worries confirmed when their parrot began talking dirty. After taking the bird to the police station as a witness, she filed an adultery complaint, insisting that she herself had never said such things in the sack. Since adultery is illegal in Kuwait, the husband was in line for harsh punishment if found guilty.

Lucky for him, authorities ruled the parrot's evidence inadmissible. Their argument? It was impossible to say where the bird picked up the sexytime talk. They suggested it could have been something the parrot heard on TV or radio.

This isn't the first time a chatty bird has snitched. In 2006, an English couple's parrot "Ziggy," named for David Bowie's Ziggy Stardust, squawked, "I love you, Gary." Only problem is, the boyfriend's name was Chris. He rightly concluded that his girlfriend was having an affair with her work colleague, Gary.

The lesson here? Don't get it on with a parrot in the room.

SKIN-DEEP

UGXTRA UGANDAN MUSIC VIDEOS

UGXTRA UGANDAN MUSIC VIDEOS

WITH shades of the way Joseph Merrick, Victorian England's "Elephant Man," achieved fame for a misshapen head and body, 47-year-old Ugandan ex-cobbler Godfrey Baguma, known affectionately as "Sebabi"—which means "ugliest of them all"—has found celebrity after being featured on a Ugandan reality show seeking the "most unusual person."

Embraced by the public, Baguma, his facial features distorted by a severely misshapen head, has risen to unexpected heights as an African pop-music star.

Baguma first noticed a strange mound on his cheek when he was ten years old, and as he grew the degree of his head abnormality increased. "When I was born my mother looked at me and said that I was not a normal child and she left me," Baguma said in an interview. "Thankfully my grandmother took care of me."

After describing years of ridicule, Baguma added, "I was scared to go out and mix with people. People would say I wasn't a human being, that I looked like a strange creature. But now I have to accept how I look."

Thanks to that initial TV appearance, Baguma now makes a living from public appearances and music videos, with his YouTube clips receiving more than three million clicks to date.

The fame also gave Baguma the chance to have his mysterious condition diagnosed by doctors. Fearing he may have passed his abnormalities on to one of his eight children, the singer was relieved to find out his condition is not hereditary. He suffers from a rare condition known as fibrous dysplasia, a disease that affects the growth and placement of cells and tissues. With proper medication, Baguma's health should improve as he continues building on the success of his music career.

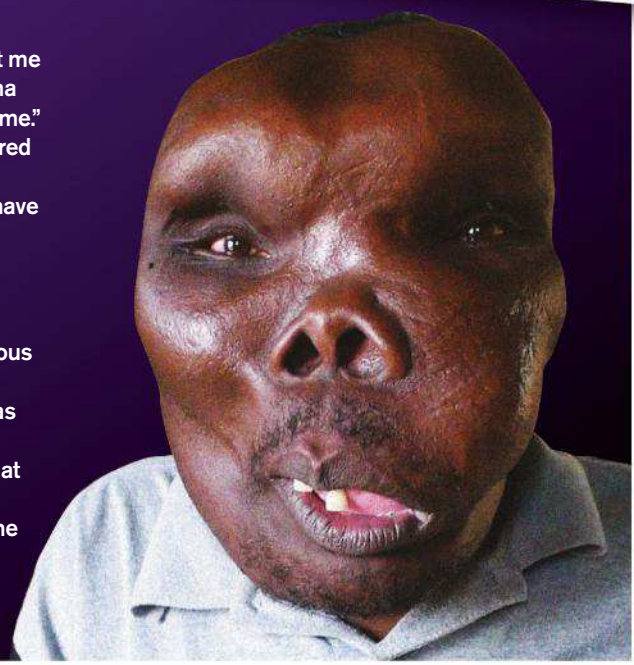


PHOTO: BARCROFT MEDIA PHOTO: PNGIMG.COM

THE PENIS, THE COCK RING, AND THE BOLT CUTTERS

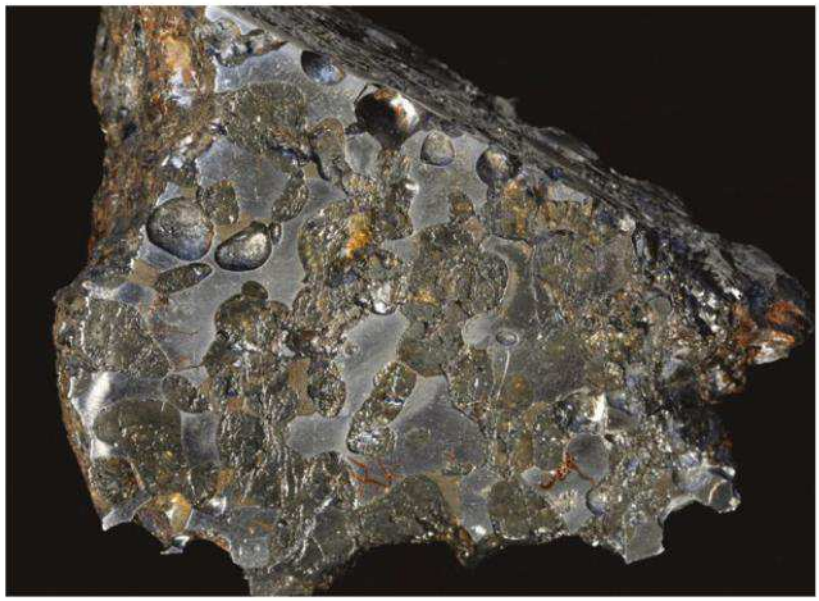
A BANGKOK (hehe), Thailand, native has entered the ever-growing annals of sexual misadventures requiring prompt medical attention: He got a metal cock ring stuck around his wang.

The unnamed experimenter is said to have been testing out his new toy at home when it got stuck. Unable to remove it himself, the man, believed to be in his 30s, called for emergency help and was rushed to a hospital.

It took three hours to remove the ring, with doctors trying to loosen the device with lube, soapy water, and a pair of pliers, before trying a hacksaw. Bolt cutters were finally brought in and the dude's member was liberated.

"I'm not sure if it was one he'd bought from a shop or something he found in the garage," volunteer rescue worker Jakchai Banyensakul said. "But he hadn't measured himself properly and when his penis expanded he could not remove it."

Doctors and nurses who gathered to witness the procedure were reportedly giggling at the man's predicament. "He was very sore afterwards and a bit embarrassed but thankful to still be able to use his penis properly," said Banyensakul.



ALIEN SPACE METAL

HERE'S a Transylvanian tale that has nothing to do with Dracula.

A curious piece of metal displayed in the National Museum of Transylvanian History in Cluj-Napoca, Romania, is causing controversy.

The shiny chunk was discovered by builders working on the shores of the Mures River in 1973. Recent testing of the lightweight metal indicates a composite of twelve metals, with 90 percent of it aluminum. Why is that news? Well, a Romanian lab tested the metal and claims it was manufactured 250,000 years ago, a result reportedly confirmed by a lab in Lausanne, Switzerland.

Since aluminum wasn't produced by humans until 200 years ago, the result has led UFO zealots to claim that the artifact is part of an alien aircraft, thus confirming the existence of extraterrestrial life.

Deputy Director of the Romanian Ufologists Association, Gheorghe Cohal, said, "Lab tests concluded it is an old UFO fragment given that the substances it comprises cannot be combined with the technology available on earth."

While additional tests by others have offered manufacture dates ranging from four centuries to 80,000 years ago, one local historian has a less sensational take. He says the piece of metal came from the landing gear of a WWII German Messerschmitt airplane. Doh!

CLASS OF NUKE 'EM HIGH

A SCIENCE lab in an Austrian school unknowingly exposed staff and students to radioactive material as part of a classroom display.

The uranium chunk, which went unnoticed for days at the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart School in Salzburg, was only discovered when antinuclear campaigner Thomas Neff visited the science lab to give a talk.

Neff brought a watch made in the 1960s containing a small amount of radium that would light up in the dark, along with a Geiger counter, used to measure levels of radiation that he demonstrated by testing the watch.

But Neff became concerned when the counter showed 1,200 counts per minute–20 times the normal value–even though the watch was still carefully sealed.

As Neff walked around the classroom testing radiation levels, the instrument started clicking wildly when he neared a collection of rocks, spiking to 102,000 counts per minute–approximately 100 times as much as the watch gave off.

Neff terminated his lecture to notify school authorities. Pupils and staff were quickly evacuated so experts could assess the danger. Other area schools were alerted as well, and nearly forty more lumps of uranium were discovered in eleven other school geology collections.

Thankfully the radiation emitted by the rocks wasn't high enough to cause any health risks and the samples are now all now safely in storage.

PHOTO: ISTOCK / STRATHROY

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ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

BY CHRIS NIERATKO

1 / Womanizer
I knew this older guy growing up that truly thought he understood life, love, and women. He'd constantly try to pass on his wisdom to me. Most of his advice was absurd bullshit; things like, "A pussy is supposed to smell bad. If it doesn't that means she just took it to the doctor's and there's something wrong with it," and "Chicks with braces give the best head because they overcompensate," or "Never tell a girl you love her because once you do she'll poke a hole in your condoms and make you get her pregnant without telling you." I generally disregarded his insight–I really only hung out with him because he was old enough to buy beer. But there was one thing he said that I think is a very true and helpful guideline to offer a young man on his way through life, and that was, "Before you get married you have to make sure you fuck one of every type of girl. That way when you close your eyes when you're banging your wife, you can imagine any woman in the world. Like a mental Rolodex." Now, when he said "one of every type" I believe he meant: an older woman, a virgin, a blonde, a redhead, a redneck, a Muslim, a J.A.P., a Jap, a Puerto Rican, a mom, a married chick, an anorexic chick, and so on. I thought, *This is a great goal to set for myself.* I'm happy to say that over my lifetime I've successfully had a wide variety of women kind enough to welcome me into their bodies, ladies of every race and nationality, from midgets to lofty professional basketball players, hairy-bushed, unshaved-armpit hippies to completely hairless

1

cancer patients. The funny thing is that the guy who started me on my quest so many years back with all his "wisdom" and "understanding" of the opposite sex started his "to-do" list with an unattractive, portly white chick and never got any further. I think he's married to her to this day. I imagine when he closes his eyes he sees nothing, save for the fires of hell (which I imagine is a big ol' disgusting Outback Steakhouse…).

When this futuristic vibrator called the Womanizer arrived for my wife, I instantly thought back to how convincing that loser was in my formative years and how nearly every word was nothing but horseshit, and it made me want to call bullshit on how the Womanizer's superior, revolutionary technology "makes it possible to stimulate the clitoris without direct contact, thus avoiding overstimulation and hypersensitivity." My wife, on the other hand, had already removed it from the package and was sold–hook, line, and sinker. "This might be the greatest vibrator of all time," she said as she took it on its maiden voyage. "I'd like to try one in every color," she screamed from the bedroom as she absolutely, without a doubt, was thinking about me and no one else….

Rating: 10 (on a scale of 1 to 10)
MSRP: $219 womanizer.com

2 / Fifty Shades of Grey Line

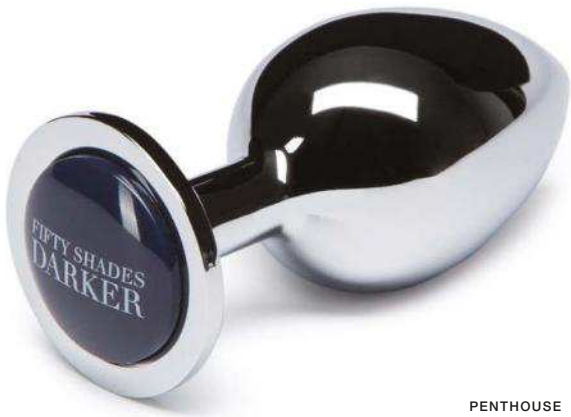
For the past 25 years I've been pouring bleach on colored clothing and purposely destroying some of my family's favorite garments, all in a diabolical plot to avoid being asked to ever do laundry. I am inherently lazy. Not for all things, mind you, just peasant work. My philosophy has always been if I do a task so indisputably awful, no one will ever ask me to do it again. And it's worked. In my 40 years on this planet I have probably only done laundry four times, for four different people, and they quickly learned I'm a lost cause and not to bother.

"Do you want me to teach you?" my wife asked when we first got together. I knew she was The One so I let her in on my secret, to which she responded, "Now that you've told me you sabotage the laundry you can no longer pull that move." "Try me," I said. "I will always dump the bleach! I don't care if you know. I told you because I love you and I don't want to ruin your pretty clothes. But I will. If I have to. But now that you have the information you can save yourself by never asking me to do laundry." She hasn't. To feel better about my personal bleaching of America, I tell myself that my poor performance only helps to validate the hard work of those that do laundry really well.

I believe that was the thinking behind the making of the first *Fifty Shades of Grey* movie. The sex in the film was so vanilla puritanical that it actually did what the producers set out to do: send moviegoers home to have unbridled, carnal-circus sex. Granted, the sex (and most likely babies) that resulted from watching the film did not come from inspiration but rather from a nation of sexual peacocks saying, in a Crocodile Dundee voice, "That's not dirty! This is dirty!" I remember giggling in the theater at the black couple next to us who scoffed at the sex scenes, yelling, "Y'all bullshit! You don't even know how we get down!" I watched as couple after couple exited the theater after having bleach dumped on their kink, hands on each other's asses, eager to go home and show the world what it means to get dirty. (How a studio asked for a sequel is still beyond me….)

Here's the deal: I don't know how to do laundry and I'm not going to try, but I'm smart enough to defer to people that do. *Fifty Shades* author E. L. James cannot write kink. I'm not sure if she's aware of how unstimulating her books are to anyone that has ever had passionate intercourse in the last 100 years, due to her skewed success with the Cobwebbed Pussy Club demographic, but one thing I'll give her credit for is being smart enough to realize she doesn't know anything about sex-toy manufacturing and deferring to a knowledgeable and reputable brand, like Love Honey, to produce the introductory bondage line of Fifty Shades sex toys. From the restraint kits to the vibrating butt plug to the steel wand to the Trust Me Spreader Bar & Cuff Set, they're all top-of-the-line, quality items that I'd absolutely buy for my wife because of my trust in the Lovehoney brand name. I imagine if E. L. James actually made her own line of kink toys you'd get a shoelace restraint, a paper bag blindfold, a rosé wine cork butt plug, cheeseburger-flavored edible underwear, and a selfie stick riding crop. Luckily for all of us, Lovehoney knows what the fuck they're doing so you need not worry about your lady's pussy smelling like a patty melt.

Rating: 9
MSRP: $20 to $99 lovehoney.com



MUSIC

AND THE WINNER IS...

THIS month, the music world unites for the prestigious 59th Annual Grammy Awards ceremony, where the likes of Adele, Beyoncé, Radiohead, and the late, great David Bowie vie for a prized golden gramophone.

While the Grammys are usually a pretty tame (lame?) affair, there have been years where events strayed deliciously off course. Here's our look at some of the most controversial moments in Grammy history. Yes, we know there are tons of moments we didn't mention, like Elton John performing with Eminem, Whitney Houston dying hours before the 2012 Grammys, Jethro Tull beating out Metallica (in the fucking Metal category), and just about anything that Kanye did or said…ever…but we think dedicating one page to the Grammys is more than enough, don't you?

> MACKLEMORE & RYAN LEWIS WIN AND APOLOGIZE FOR WINNING BEST RAP ARTIST

Rapper Macklemore and producer Ryan Lewis became the biggest thing in pop with their single "Thrift Shop," and the duo won four Grammys for their album *The Heist* in 2014, though not without controversy. Kendrick Lamar's *good kid, m.A.A.d. city* was widely recognized as the best hip-hop album that year, but lost out to *The Heist*. The rap community had a meltdown, and critics cited Macklemore as a mere pop act, believing the known conservative Grammy voters were more likely to vote for someone who was white. Macklemore agreed and apologized to Lamar via text…although he kept the Grammy.

> MILLI VANILLI STEALS OUR CHILDHOOD

German pop-duo Milli Vanilli became overnight stars in the late eighties with hit singles "Blame It On the Rain," "Girl I'm Gonna Miss You," and "Baby Don't Forget My Number." They even won Grammys for Best New Artist in 1990, but were forced to hand them back when it was revealed neither Fab Morvan or Rob Pilatus actually sang any of the songs on their albums, and lip-synched when performing live. The duo never recovered, and although they recorded a comeback album set for release in 1998, Pilatus died before its completion.

> SINEAD O'CONNOR BOYCOTTS THE AWARDS FOR NO REASON

In 1991, Irish singer Sinead O'Connor received four Grammy nominations for her album *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got*, but refused to attend the show because of the commercialization of the awards. It was the first and only time an artist refused to receive their award, and coincided with Public Enemy boycotting the same show due to their sense that racism played a role in certain nominations–not least Vanilla Ice's nomination for Best Rap Solo Performance.

> JENNIFER LOPEZ WANTS ATTENTION [GASP!]

It's not always about the nominations, as was the case when Jennifer Lopez attended the 2000 Grammys with then-boyfriend Sean "Puff, Puffy, Puff Daddy, P. Diddy, Diddy, Poppadiddypop, Seymour" Combs. Wearing a barely-there green Versace gown with a plunging neckline that exposed almost everything, Lopez was the talk of the awards. Even presenter David Duchovny was in awe, claiming, as he stood beside copresenter Lopez, that it was the first time in six years nobody would be looking at him.

> ODB IS FOR THE CHILDREN

50 Cent's silent walk-on protest during Evanescence's win for Best New Artist in 2004 isn't the first time a rapper's taken the stage unannounced. At the 1998 awards, Wu-Tang lost to Puff Daddy for Best Rap Album, so Ol' Dirty Bastard took to the stage to vent his anger during an acceptance speech for a category the group wasn't even nominated in. During his rant, ODB complained about the price of his outfit and coined the phrase, "Wu-Tang is for the children."

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / STEVE GRANITZ

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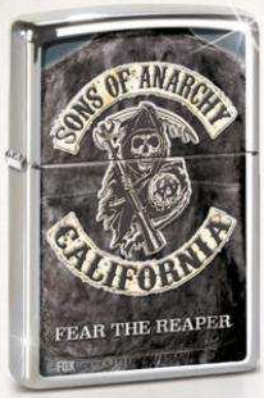

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MAN OF THE MOMENT

JOHN SALLEY

JOHN Salley and a certain piece of gold-plated silver hardware known as the Larry O'Brien Trophy got to know each other pretty well during his 15-year professional basketball career. Salley won four championships playing for three different teams—the first baller in NBA history to do such a thing.

He picked up two rings playing for the "Bad Boys"-era Detroit Pistons, helped Michael Jordan and the Chicago Bulls win a record-breaking 72 games and the Finals trophy in 1996, then closed out his career with the Los Angeles Lakers, part of a Shaq-and-Kobe-led squad that brought the city its first championship since 1988.

Loquacious and stylish, hardworking and funny as hell, the 6-foot-11 Brooklyn native was a natural for TV, movies, and radio. Remember the nerdy hacker felon Salley played in the two *Bad Boys* movies? Look up the clip where "Fletcher" in his orange prison jumpsuit towers over Martin Lawrence, only to have Lawrence's cop character bark, "If you don't sit your lanky ass down, bottom line, I will knock you the fuck out!"

This father of three made a new generation of fans cohosting *The Best Damn Sports Show Period* with Tom Arnold and others from 2001 to 2009. He's also hosted an L.A. morning radio show, VH1 reunion shows, a BET sports talk show, and a game show. He's talked movies for ReelzChannel, acted in *Confessions of a Shopaholic,* and brought his passion for cars—and roots as a mechanic's son—to cohosting a Speed channel show with comedian Adam Carolla.

"The business to be in is the business of the future," Salley likes to say. Adept at pivoting both on and off the court, the 52-year-old keeps in motion, eyes forward, and brings a host of projects and passions to 2017. A vegan since 2008 (and a vegetarian during his Bulls and Lakers stints; there's a vegetarian starter kit on his website), the former Pistons Bad Boy is now an L.A.-based health and wellness advocate who's lobbied Congress on behalf of vegetarian lunch options for schoolkids, organized wellness retreats, bought into an organic produce company, and partnered with Vegan Vine, a California company whose wines are vegan, organic, and sustainably sourced.

Salley has never been shy about sharing his opinion. "Why is the sexuality of anyone an issue?" he asked when NBA center Jason Collins came out as gay, the first man to do so in major professional American sports. A PETA supporter and ambassador for Operation Smile, Salley is also a proponent of marijuana legalization (woot woot!), touting its efficacy for pain relief and stress reduction. Pro sports, he argues, should drop their anti-weed policies. Salley recently joined Snoop Dogg in becoming a stakeholder in Canada's premier cannabis company Tweed.

Keep an eye on where his lanky ass takes him next.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / CHARLEY GALLAY

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CRUSH

KRISTEN STEWART

It's the modern Hollywood way: Young actors get rewarded once they reach a certain level of fame and notoriety with superhero roles and other blockbuster/Pixar/CGI-soiled bullshit. Somehow, Kristin Stewart has managed to elude this trap, instead following in the footsteps of hallowed actresses like Jodie Foster, with whom she starred in 2002's *Panic Room,* when Stewart was just ten years old.

For years, this 26-year-old gamine beauty caught flak for her slouchy red carpet appearances, eye-rolling interviews, and media events with that fuck-everything look on her face, as if we were all just missing the point. But that's one of the reasons we dig her. Because she's right—much of that world *is* bullshit. What's not bullshit are the roles she's chosen for herself, the *Twilight* series notwithstanding.

Film nerds may remember her performance in Sean Penn's elegiac 2007 drama *Into the Wild,* but we all watched as Stewart hit her new career stride playing a young Joan Jett in *The Runaways* in 2010. Then, true to form, she shrugged off Hollywood's siren song once again, appearing as Dean Moriarty's beatnik wife, Mary Lou, in Walter Salles's underrated Kerouac biopic *On the Road.*

Two years later, in 2014, Stewart made a splash in the French film world—not an easy task—nailing the part of Val, assistant to Juliette Binoche's aging film star Maria, in Olivier Assayas's meta-drama *The Clouds of Sils Maria.* Stewart won a César (France's equivalent of the Oscar) for her performance, the first American actress to do so.

Suck it, Bella Swan.

Stewart says she likes to work with directors she admires. "I've worked recently with a lot of people that I've grown up really loving," she told IndieWire last year. "It's super conducive to making good shit." And in 2016, she appeared in a lot of good shit—four films in fact, all receiving critical acclaim, much of it due to Stewart: Kelly Reichardt's *Certain Women;* Woody Allen's *Café Society; Personal Shopper,* her second film with Assayas; and Ang Lee's Iraq war drama, *Billy Lynn's Halftime Walk.* Now, Stewart plans to direct, and last October, Lincoln Center premiered her first short, *Come Swim.*

Stewart admits she's tried to keep her personal life private, though not always successfully. Of course her fans went apeshit when she dated *Twilight* costar Robert Pattinson, but these days Stewart prefers women, a fact she proudly acknowledges as a way of supporting the LGBTQ community. "I would never talk about any of my relationships before," she told the *New York Times* last summer, "but once I started dating girls it seemed like there was an opportunity to represent something really positive."

Are you crushing yet?

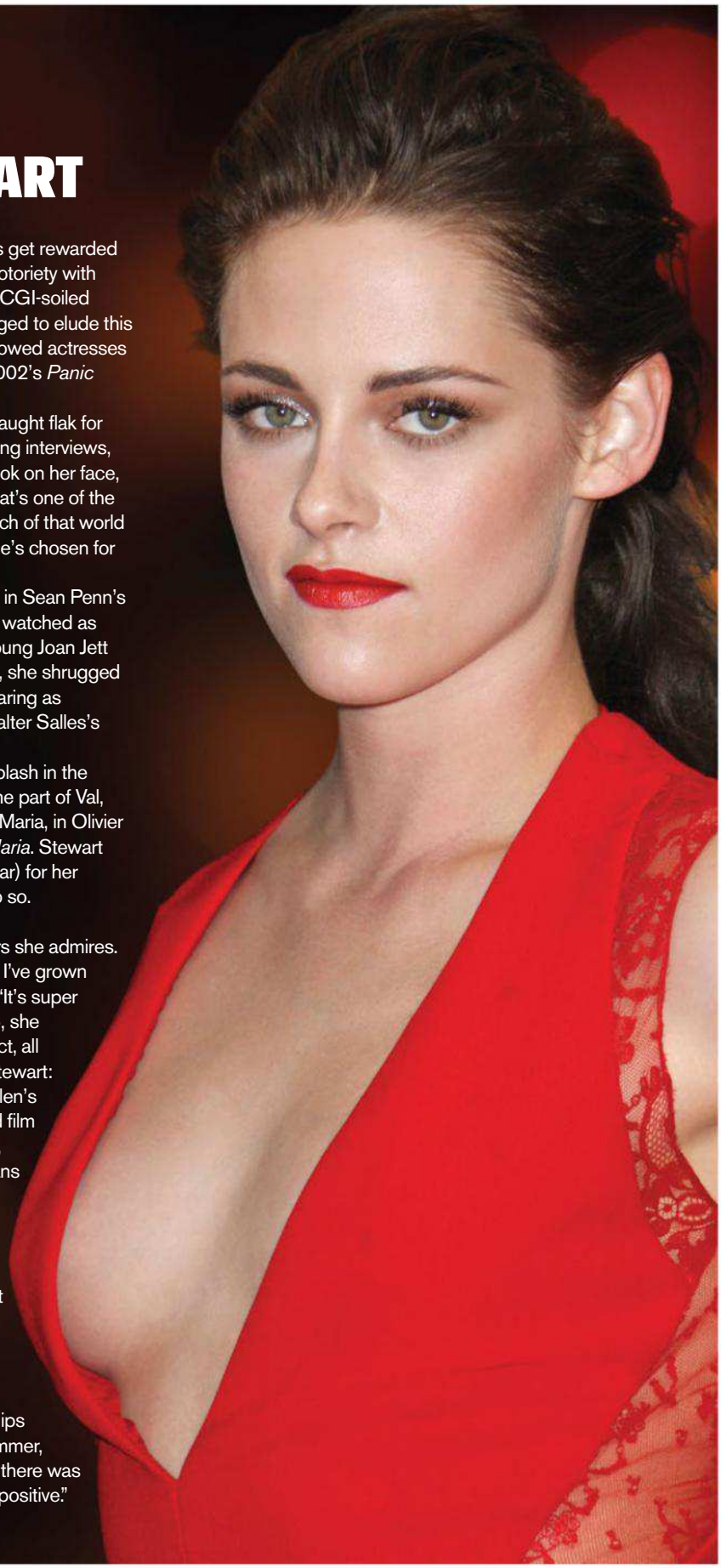
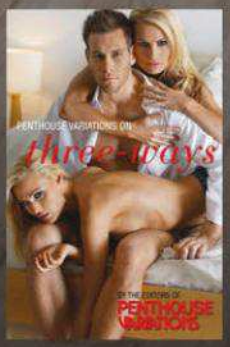


PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / CREDIT: JON KOPALOFF

PENTHOUSE

TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S A GREAT TIME.



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FILM

GREEN SCREEN

MOVIES TO WATCH WHILE STONED

AFTER much debate around the office, we decided to dedicate this column to must-see stoner films. That way, next time you want to get baked and watch a flick, all you need to do is flip to this very page and pick a title. It's guaranteed to be good, so no need to deliberate. Just kick back, relax, and wait for the pizzaman. Oh… and to our stoner readers out there, we look forward to hearing about all of the movies we left out.

›› *YELLOW SUBMARINE* (1968)

This film came out when the Beatles were rad and America was at its height of stonerdom. The band sails through seas in a yellow submarine to save Pepperland from the anti-music Blue Meanies in this animated fantasy-cum-acid trip.

›› *BEING JOHN MALKOVICH* (1999)

This Charlie Kaufman/Spike Jonze collaboration is clever, witty, dark, and wonderfully entertaining, and well worth multiple viewings.

›› *THE BIG LEBOWSKI* (1998)

This wacky classic follows the Dude (Jeff Bridges), a lazy, unemployed stoner who gets mixed up in one absurd situation after another. It's a Coen Brothers film, so it's brilliant on all levels–writing, casting, directing, and acting.

›› *CADDYSHACK* (1980)

Chevy Chase, Bill Murray, Rodney Dangerfield, a dancing gopher–what's not to love? This snobs vs. slobs sex comedy directed by Harold Ramis is filled with classic one-liners, golf humor, and great physical comedy. It's one of the gems of American cinema that everyone must see, stoned or not.

›› *CLERKS* (1994)

Pretty much universally considered a comedy cult classic, *Clerks* is more or less about nothing, but still manages to be funny and entertaining. Kevin Smith's first feature is part absurdity part obscenity, but still manages to pull together a relatable story.

›› *DAZED AND CONFUSED* (1993)

Alright, alright, alright. This movie gets older, but high school girls stay the same age, yes they do. This is possibly the king of all stoner films. Quentin Tarantino listed it as the tenth best film of all time in a *Sight & Sound* poll, so, yeah.

›› *PINEAPPLE EXPRESS* (2008)

"It's almost a shame to smoke it. It's like killing a unicorn...with, like, a bomb." And so begins Seth Rogen and James Franco's comedy romp about two stoners on the run from a band of killers, hitting all the high points necessary to ensure you'll be smoking along with them.

›› EVERY QUENTIN TARANTINO FILM

Do we really need to explain this? *Reservoir Dogs, Pulp Fiction, From Dusk Till Dawn, Jackie Brown* (our favorite), *Kill Bill,* etc. etc. Tarantino's writing, directing, plot structure, dialog, humor, and soundtracks are virtual smorgasbords for the thoughtful stoner. So many delights to behold! And within his films are clips, homages, and allusions to *other* stoner films. It's like being in a room full of mirrors….

›› EVERY WES ANDERSON FILM

You can't go wrong with any of Anderson's sharp, imaginative films. Each is its own creative wonderland filled with witty writing, perfect casting, superb acting, kickass soundtracks, and fabulous sets and costumes. *Bottle Rocket, Rushmore, The Royal Tenenbaums*… Work your way through his entire oeuvre and you'll be a better, happier, more well-rounded person, guaranteed.

IMAGE: SHUTTERSTOCK / ALEYNIKOV PAVEL

BIOHAZARD
Todd Francis

GAMING

DEATH WARMED OVER
RESIDENT EVIL 7: BIOHAZARD

Capcom (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

YOU can't run but you can hide in *Resident Evil 7: Biohazard*, the interactive equivalent of one of those found-footage horror films crammed with cheap jump scares. Here–and particularly in the VR-compatible PS4 version–the horror gets all up in your face. Mutants lunge from the shadows. Deranged hillbillies stalk you through dank corridors. Creepy baby dolls tumble from opened cupboards just to make you dookie in your drawers.

This installment abandons the third-person perspective and increasingly outlandish gun battles of the Japanese series in favor of a first-person perspective more familiar to American audiences. And yet *Biohazard* hasn't lost its creepy/cool made-in-Japan vibe–obtuse puzzles, eccentric characters, limited ammo, and healing herbs–that defined the genre known as "survival horror." It's no accident this game's title combines the series' Western name (*Resident Evil)* with its Japanese one (*Biohazard*); the gameplay is both foreign and domestic, a mix of *Doom* and gloomy weirdness.

Much of your time is spent hiding and sneaking from horrors shambling through a mansion in the Louisiana bayou. Wielding nothing but a flashlight, you stumble through musty halls, past unmade beds, along kitchen counters heaped with rotting food. Players with OCD will suffer a double dose of horror. By collecting scattered VHS tapes from a fictional ghost-hunting show, you can relive the ill-fated adventures of the shows' hosts while getting clues about your current predicament. Weapons are scarce; you'll need to duck into closets and hunker behind door frames to avoid fatal confrontations. Eventually you'll lock and load more serious firepower, but ammo and healing wherbs don't grow on trees here. When enemies leap at your jugular from the shadows, your best option is flight over fight, stumbling away at a brisk walk.

CHEAP TALK: THE BEST WORST VOICE ACTING HAPPY TIME GO!

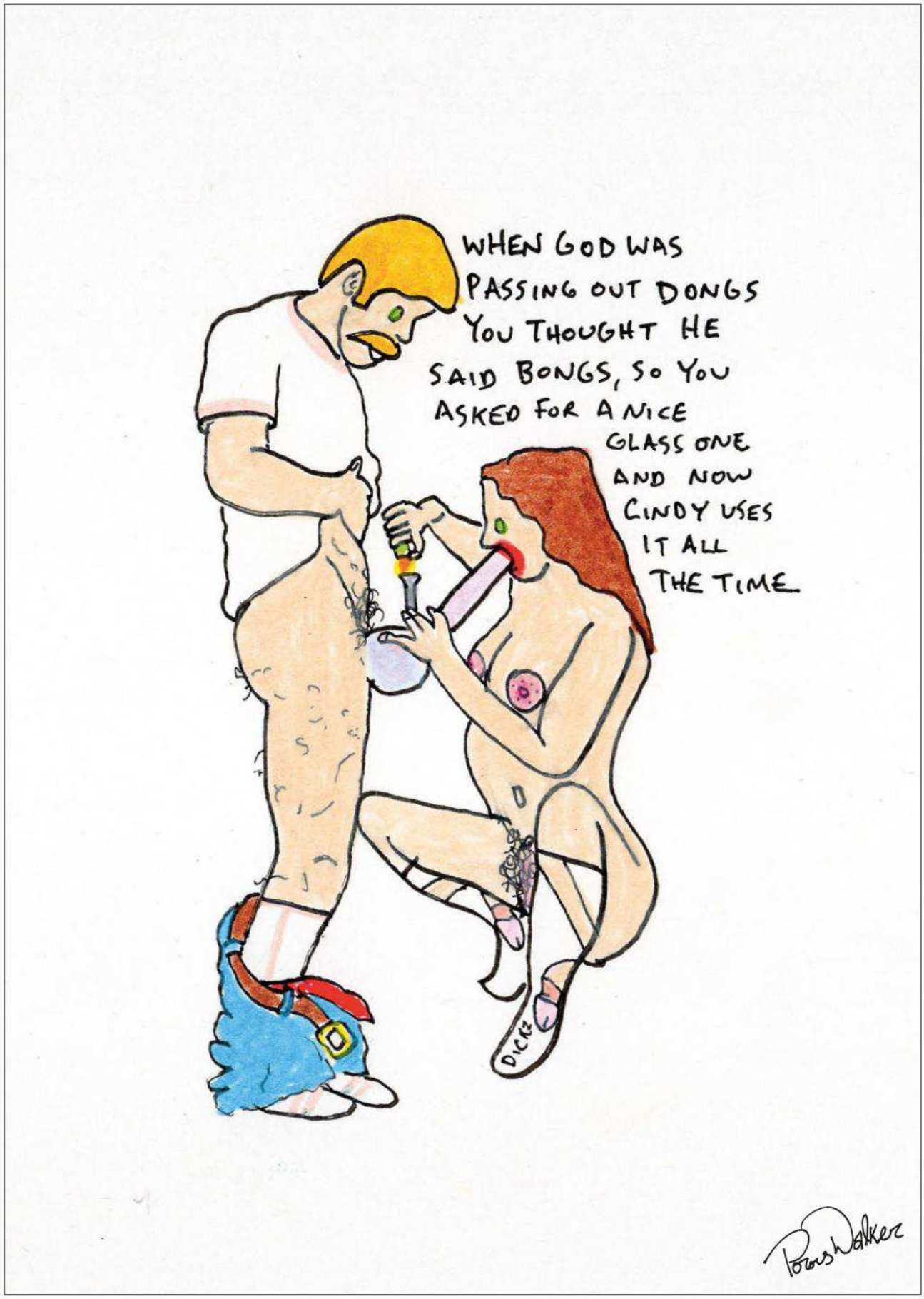
RESIDENT EVIL
(1996; PS1)
This instigator of the survival-horror genre certainly didn't introduce the idea of badly translated scripts combined with actors hired because they could pronounce English words, but the game's runaway success brought rottenly acted dialogue to the mainstream. Search online for "Resident Evil + the master of unlocking."

HEAVY RAIN
(2010; PS3, PS4)
This near-masterpiece of interactive drama had one major flaw: its French developer hired European voice actors to portray Americans with thick Boston and New York accents. The results are both funny and off-putting. Remember when Kevin Costner dropped his English accent 15 minutes into *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*? This is like that. Search online for "Heavy Rain + bad accents."

THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD 2
(1998; Arcade)
Further proof that Japanese zombie games and bad voice acting go together like sashimi and soy sauce, this light-gun shooter stars monotone voice actors who couldn't be bothered to muster an evil laugh let alone pronounce the name of the bad guy. (The evil businessman Goldman is pronounced "gold man.") Search online for "House of the Dead 2 + Goldman."

LAST ALERT
(1989; TurboGrafx-CD)
Combining all of the best worst things about late-eighties games—such as the bad "Engrish" of meme-spawning shooter *Zero Wing* and the bottomless storage capacity of CD-ROMS—*Last Alert* delivered hours of corny dialogue ("You can't hire my feelings," says the hero), spoken by actors taking the "more is more" approach. Search online for "Last Alert + voice acting."

IMAGES: GAMESPRESS


WHEN GOD WAS
PASSING OUT DONGS
YOU THOUGHT HE
SAID BONGS, SO YOU
ASKED FOR A NICE
GLASS ONE
AND NOW
CINDY USES
IT ALL
THE TIME.
DICKS
Porous Walker

WEED HISTORY

THE (NOT VERY) LONG, STRANGE TRIP OF MARIJUANA IN THE UNITED STATES

THE way drugs and human history have intertwined yields a story as trippy as the effects of candy-flipping LSD and MDMA.

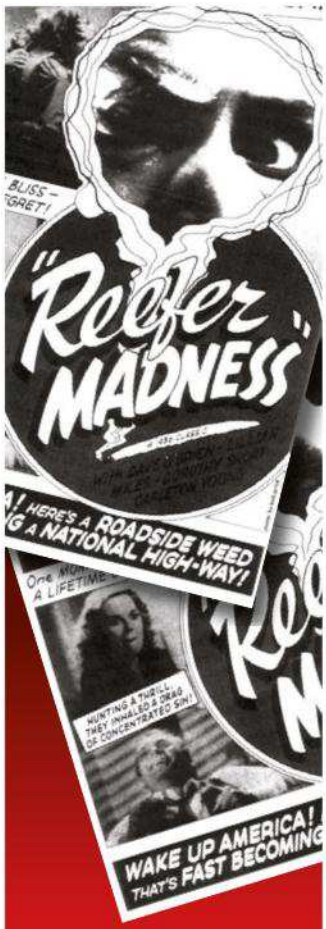
Whether it's the Incas with their coca stimulants, the Mayans with their mushrooms, or Egyptian royals with their Ecstasy-ish blue lotus flowers, drugs and civilization have been partying together from the get-go. And you don't have to look far to find links between individual users, cultural achievements, and technological advances.

Researchers found pipes in Shakespeare's yard that tested positive for marijuana. (Not proof positive that the Bard partook, but 'tis a fact he used the word "high" 246 times in his work.) Thomas Edison drank cocaine-laced wine (legal in his day). Steve Jobs of Apple and Francis Crick, identifier of DNA's double-helix structure, dropped acid and said it juiced their thoughts. Even Greek mathematician Pythagoras ingested an unspecified "herb" that got him in a theorem kind of mood.

The story of cannabis goes back to the world's earliest uncovered stash, nearly two pounds of still-green weed preserved for 2,700 years in a desert grave in China's Mongolian region. But one of the wackier chapters in the long history of pot belongs to America, despite its relatively young life. The tale begins in colonial and early republic days, when hemp—the non-psychoactive kissing cousin of cannabis, smokable but boring—became a major crop. As the Chinese first demonstrated, hemp fibers can be used to produce rope, sails, hippie clothing, and paper.

Founding Fathers George Washington and Thomas Jefferson both farmed hemp.

The weirdness arrives in the nineteenth century. Cannabis—the groovy kind—was all over the place, a liquid form used in a variety of medicines, and refined into hashish. Doctors prescribed cannabis-powered drugs for dozens of conditions where pain relief, reduction of anxiety, or quelling of "restlessness" was in order. Over-the-counter elixirs delivered THC doses as well: cough medicine for kids, chocolate-covered cannabis pills, maple sugar hashish candy.



"BURNING WEED WITH ITS ROOTS IN HELL" WOULD CAUSE THEIR KIDS TO FORNICATE, BEAT PEOPLE, GO INSANE, KILL OTHERS, KILL THEMSELVES.

Not to mention Turkish smoking parlors.

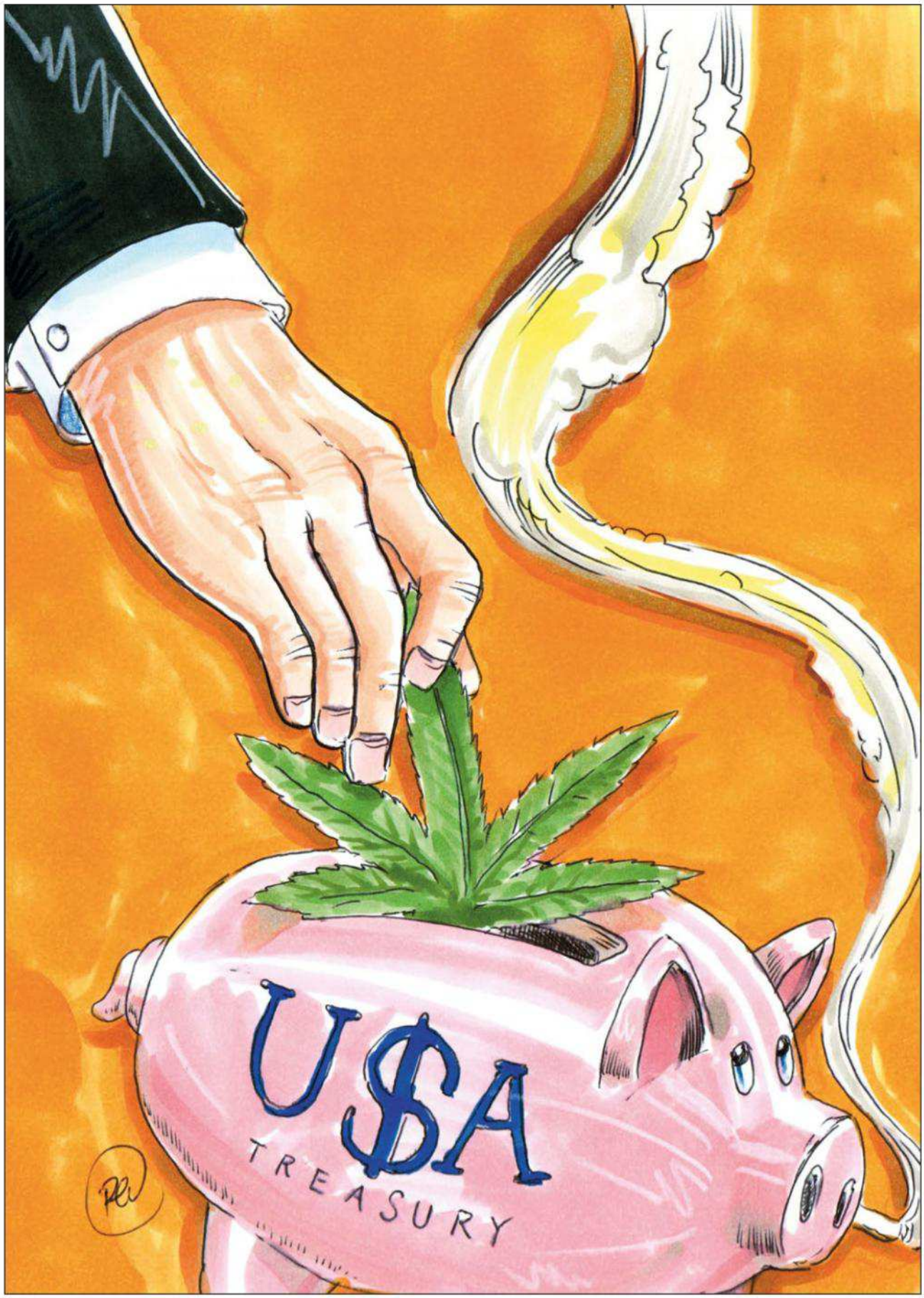
The worm turned early in the new century. Mexican immigrants arrived, smoking cannabis in pipes and cigarettes. Lo and behold, Americans started objecting to this cultural practice, this lighting up of the "marijuana." In a couple short decades, pot—aka "the devil's weed"—had been completely demonized. By 1931, 29 states prohibited marijuana use. Racism and classism joined xenophobia to paint weed-smoking as an abominable vice of non-white immigrants, African-Americans, jazz musicians, prostitutes, and white gangsters. Public campaigns, abetted by powerful newspapers, pushed the idea that smoking marijuana caused people to abuse, torture, murder, and participate in filthy orgies.

Say hello to *Reefer Madness*! Today a hilarious cult film, it was meant with dead seriousness when released by a church group as a cautionary tale for parents in 1936. That "burning weed with its roots in hell," warned the film, would cause their kids to fornicate, beat people, go insane, kill others, kill themselves. The following year, President Roosevelt signed federal legislation banning cannabis use, production, and sales nationwide.

And so we come to today, after a few more twists and turns on the weed rollercoaster. During World War II, the Office of Strategic Services, predecessor to the CIA, gave marijuana a whirl as a "truth drug" for interrogations, experimenting on a mobster and other human subjects through 1947. Weed was back on the map in a big way during the counterculture sixties and seventies, but with the arrival of President Reagan in 1981, decriminalization efforts died. They stayed dead, mostly, with President H. W. Bush and his "War on Drugs."

Today, marijuana-hating is what's in decline. Will there be yet another twist? We'll have to see. But if you care for a quick sense of the change in attitudes since FDR's day, pack a bowl, sit back, and fire up *Reefer Madness,* ideally with some tasty snacks in hand.

IMAGE : GETTY IMAGES / BETTMANN


U$A
TREASURY

STEVE AGEE

INTERVIEW BY CHRIS NIERATKO
PHOTOS BY STEVE AGEE AND KIM KANE

THEY say you always remember your first time, and that applies to porn mags as much as anything.

Writer/comedian/male heartthrob Steve Agee will never forget coming across his first stack of nudie mags in an abandoned jack shack in the seventies. It was a different time: a stony age of innocence, when a woman's hair, both upstairs and down, was long and luxurious and Americana reigned supreme, from the rock 'n' roll that ruled the airwaves to the muscle cars and motorcycles that defined a generation.

When *Penthouse* asked Agee, a photographer in his own right, to creative direct Pop Shots, we assumed he'd go with an intergalactic, cosmic vibe to tie into his role in the upcoming *Guardians of the Galaxy Vol. 2.* We couldn't have been more off the mark.

Instead of spaceships and aliens from another dimension, Agee opted to "Make Pop Shots Great Again," in the wake of the election, with a gorgeous girl next door and some badass American choppers.

Not to get too nostalgic, but it felt as if Bob Guccione himself had reached down and blessed the shoot…and then "grabbed us all by the pussy."

"I LOVE LONG FEATHERED HAIR. I LIKE A FREE-SPIRIT-LOOKING HIPPIE CHICK."

Your parents shipped you off to military school midway through high school. Did you manage your first roll in the hay prior to that?

No, I was 19. It was after high school, freshman year in college. But the first time I'd seen any form or porn or naked girls was when I was 10 or 11. Me and my friend were out shooting BB guns in the hills near my house in Riverside, California, and we found an abandoned shack full of newspapers and magazines for recycling. There were old *Penthouses* and that was the first time I'd seen naked women. It was the seventies and they were awesome: tube tops, no tops, Daisy Dukes. That's why when Kimberly Kane mentioned Pop Shots, I already knew what I wanted to do: a seventies-looking girl on choppers in the desert.

Give me your definition of beauty.

I love long feathered hair. I like a free-spirit-looking hippie chick. The more natural the better. When *Penthouse* sent me a list of models, Elena was my first choice. She had that seventies look and she didn't disappoint. She was terrific.

A lot of bush back in the seventies…

A lot of bush, I don't mind that.

I don't mind it at all, but there's been a bald-is-beautiful movement over the last 20 years. What's your take on that?

I don't mind that either. I'm of the philosophy that beggars can't be choosers. Whatever you've got, I'm okay with.

Do you prefer seventies bush, or the current rage of pseudo-bush?

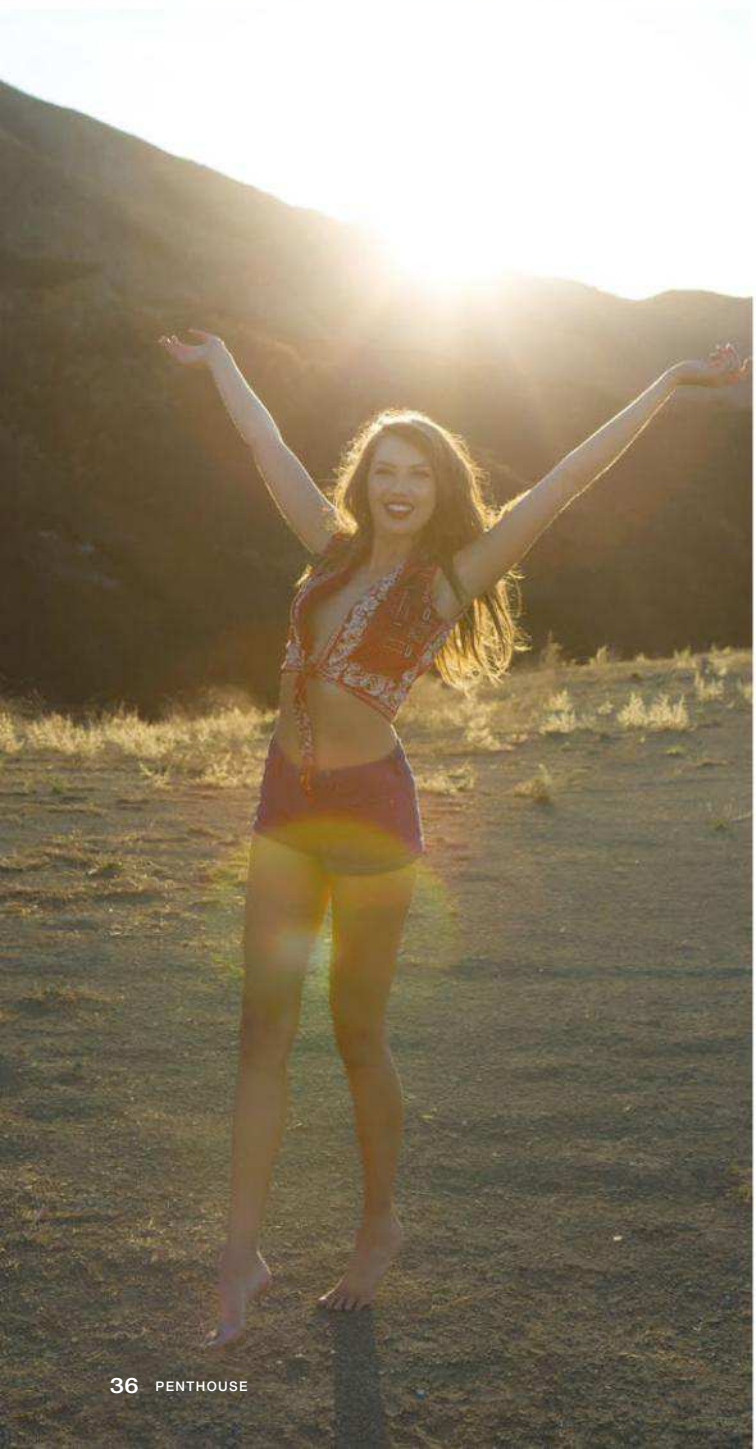
I like right in between. Not halfway down the leg or up the belly button. A nice trimmed one is good.

I was a comic book nerd growing up, and some of the best characters and storylines were created in the seventies. Were you into comics as a kid?

I was never a comic-book kid. I just did *Guardians of the Galaxy Vol. 2,* which is a huge thing for Marvel, but I somehow missed the bus on comic-books and I'm kind of bummed. I'm still a sci-fi nerd, and *Guardians* takes place in space, so it was really cool to be on these sci-fi sets. I loved it.

Is there anything you can tell us about your days on the set, or have you been sworn to secrecy?

I had to sign nondisclosure agreements. I could be sued for a lot of money if I say anything. Money that I don't have. All I'm able to say is that it comes out May 5th.



When did you get interested in photography?
I took a photography class in college, but back then it was all film and I didn't have the patience for developing, so I took the more financially stable route of comedian. Years ago I was a writer on Jimmy Kimmel's show, and I realized at one point that I had all this access to guests backstage, especially bands; I could just stand on the side of the stage. So I bought my first camera. It's just a hobby, but I really like it.

Having that kind of access, I'm sure you got to witness some backstage hijinks. Any good stories to share?
Tracy Morgan used to hang out in the green room, even when he wasn't on the show, because Jimmy had a notoriously awesome green room with a bar and a pool table. One night, a few of us were in Jimmy's dressing room and Tracy walked in and he was in character, acting like he was a high school football coach and it was halftime. He started talking to us like we were football players and he was really disappointed in us [because] we had a shitty first half. He kept calling Jimmy's uncle, Frank, Coach Casino.

"THIS IS MY FIRST TIME SHOOTING NAKED GIRLS, YEAH."

He's like, "We got to do this for Coach Casino, y'all! He's got cancer!" He stayed in character for like 20 minutes. It was so amazing to sit there and witness that.

Is this your first time shooting porn?
This is my first time shooting naked girls, yeah. Not recreationally, that is.

Have you shot homemade porn that you're proud of?
Proud of? No. I'm not the most fit guy, so you shoot something with a girlfriend or whatever and watch it back and you're like, "Oh, fuck, man! This is so uncool!" The lighting in my room is horrible and the shadow my balls cast all the way across the room was terrifying.

Are you worried those tapes might one day leak out?
No, I wouldn't care because I'm a comedian and I have a sense of humor about all that stuff. I would find it kind of funny.

Temptati

Temptation

If you ever hit hard times, what do you think the high bid would be for a Steve Agee sex tape?
Oh, my God! Probably a warm sandwich.
In 2005, you worked on an animated show called *House of Cosbys*. Have you ever been roofied?
No. I don't drink so I've managed to avoid that, but I don't know who the fuck would want to roofie me anyway. We're lucky to be guys. I'd hate to be a girl with the amount of shit you have to deal with and be afraid of.
As a fan of his growing up, what's harder to accept: that Cosby is a rapist or having hemorrhoids?
Probably Cosby as a rapist is a little worse than hemorrhoids, but hemorrhoids are horrible, dude. They're the worst. I did a show once [with] a whole bit about hemorrhoids, and afterward a woman came up to me at the back of the room, like, "Steve, I'm a doctor at a clinic in Santa Monica and we specialize in hemorrhoid treatment and we have a new procedure and I think you'd be a great candidate. Hemorrhoid surgery can be really painful when they laser or clip it off. Ours is noninvasive. What we do is pull it out and tie it into a knot and then put it back into your asshole." This doctor of medicine called it my "asshole." I was like, "No, I'm not going to be coming down to your van in Santa Monica and letting you poke around in my asshole looking for hemorrhoids."

"NO, I'M NOT COMING DOWN TO YOUR VAN IN SANTA MONICA AND LETTING YOU POKE AROUND IN MY ASSHOLE."

What if that was just her awkward pickup line?
She failed. That was a horrible pickup line.
You said you don't drink. What's your vice now?
It was weed, and then I managed to taper off of that. Other than food, I meditate a lot now. I found I was relying on weed too much when I was depressed, and I was like, "I think this might be making me a little more depressed." I still smoke once in a while, though. I love that it's legal in California now. People are worried that crime will go up, but that's not the case. If you look at Colorado alone, crime has not gone up and they've made a shitload of money taxing it.

As we're talking, only three days have passed since Trump was elected and we're all in shock. What's your biggest concern? Obviously there are many.
I can see him sending off nuclear bombs. He seems like such a loose cannon that if some other country was like, "Fuck you!" He'd be like, "Oh, fuck me?" *Boom!* And just launch nuclear missiles. I'm sure the process is a lot harder than saying, "Fuck you!" and hitting a button, but I wouldn't be surprised if he sent us to war. Also, just the possibility of him repealing a bunch of laws like the legalization of gay marriage, or overturning abortion, or the pot law we just discussed. It'll be interesting to see.

"IF NON-GINGERS ARE GOING TO DEATH CAMPS, I'M GOOD."

What if he decides to send all non-gingers to death camps?
Oh, man. If non-gingers are going to death camps, I'm good. I'll re-highlight my hair just to show that I'm ginger, because it's starting to fade.
Gingers get a bum rap. Was that ever an issue for you growing up?
It was fine. I think it's worse now for kids if you're a ginger. It didn't seem to be a big deal when I was a kid, other than the sunburns.
Let's end this on a positive note then. What advice can you pass on to young gingers who are just coming to terms with their orangeness under Trump's regime?
Just stay strong. Wear hats. Go out at night in the cover of darkness. Go out in groups. There's safety in numbers.

To see more photos and to read the full, unedited interview, go to Penthouse.com.

WE
GOT

VOICE OF REASON

CELEBRITY SEX AND THE GAWKER CASE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

CELEBRITY sex is in the news again with the bankruptcy of Gawker after the multimillion-dollar lawsuit brought against it by Hulk Hogan. It is unlikely, however, that the success of the Hogan suit—which was recently settled for $31 million—will lessen the public's interest in celebrity sex. Apparently many people get their jollies from seeing famous people engaging in sex, and some celebrities even encourage such voyeurism.

We must be careful, however, to distinguish among the different kinds of celebrity sex. First, there are celebrities who deliberately make sex videos and distribute them in order to enhance their popularity and their careers. The distribution may be overt or subtly leaked, but any celebrity who actively participates in the public dissemination of a sex film has no grievance, though some feign outrage in an effort to have it both ways.

Second, there are celebrities who willingly partake in sexual activities, agreeing to have themselves filmed by their partner in the expectation that the videos will be kept private. The partner then breaks the promise and leaks the tape, either in revenge or for money, in an attempt to bolster his own career. In that case, the grievance is with the partner, and there may be a potential lawsuit against him or her with megabucks recovery, if the video is widely distributed. If one partner tries to blackmail the other, it may even be a crime. Some states have recently criminalized such "revenge porn."

Third, there are cases where neither party is aware that their sex act is being surreptitiously filmed by a third party. That is a crime in many states and a civil tort (i.e., wrongful act) in every state—also with possible megabuck recoveries.

Fourth, there is the rare case where government surveillance may incidentally include a videotape of an amorous couple. In that case, the government has no right to reveal that tape, unless it is relevant to a criminal trial. It is widely believed that J. Edgar Hoover's FBI made secret audio recordings of Martin Luther King Jr.'s extramarital activities and threatened to make them public, but I haven't heard of any comparable abuses in recent years.

Fifth, there are the fake celebrity videos that superimpose the faces of celebrities on the bodies of porn actors in order to create the illusion of a celebrity sex tape. I had such a case many years ago in which I represented a prominent actress who was furious when she learned that a fake sex photo was being circulated. Ultimately, she decided to not file a lawsuit, which would have called more attention to the photo.

Sixth, there are celebrity look-alikes who take advantage of their doppelgängers by making sex tapes and marketing them as the real thing. The real celebrity may have legal recourse, but is unlikely to pursue it. If the video leaves it to the imagination of viewers to make a connection to the celebrity, there would be no legal consequence.

Finally, if either or both participants are underage, the distributor of the video or photo may be guilty of disseminating child pornography, which is a serious crime.

NEW TECHNOLOGIES ALWAYS BRING NEW LEGAL PROBLEMS. WHEN CELEBRITIES ARE INVOLVED, THE PROBLEMS ARE MORE LIKELY TO BE ADDRESSED BY THE LAW.

The fact that a celebrity is the subject of a pornographic video does not generally change the legal consequences, though it will likely bring more attention to the issue, as the filming of Hulk Hogan did. A celebrity victim may also generate a legislative response from politicians hoping to reap the benefits of publicity associated with celebrities.

There should be laws protecting the privacy of *all* people who are victimized by unconsented distribution of recordings of their sexual activities. What constitutes "consent" in the context of videotaped sex acts may sometimes be a matter of degree: Consent to be videotaped does not constitute consent to have the video publicly distributed. This issue will likely become more widespread as more and more people record their sex lives. The pervasiveness of sexting—including emailing nude photos, sometimes by underage kids—will also make it easier for recipients to take revenge, or to try to blackmail the senders.

People who make and send videos or selfies should be aware of the risk that the recipient may make public that which was intended to be private.

New technologies always bring new legal problems. When celebrities are involved, the problems are more likely to be addressed by the law. The bankrupting verdict in the Hulk Hogan case is likely to deter some companies and individuals from doing what Gawker did, but others will persist while the law tries to catch up with technology. That is what we are experiencing today. It is a work in progress. Stay tuned.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / JOHN LUND / COMPOSITED PHOTO

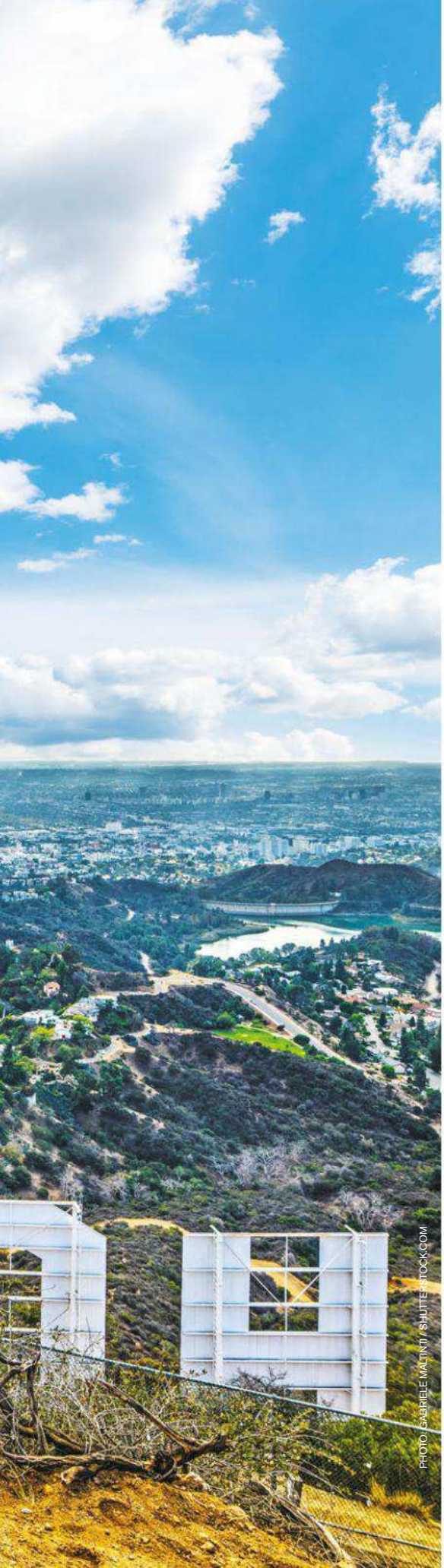


PHOTO: GABRIELE MALTINTI / SHUTTERSTOCK.COM

THE IMMACULATE DECEPTION

BY STEVE FABER

TEN or more years ago, I began nagging everyone with a concept that people seemed to consider unimportant—or potentially important, but lacking the necessary definition and thus gravitas. Or perhaps my listeners simply didn't give a fuck. I began obsessing on this topic, and I think the lack of interest of others was in direct proportion to people's skepticism about what I was saying. I began to get on people's nerves. I began writing about this concept on other platforms before settling down with the gracious people at *Penthouse,* who promised to pretend I wasn't getting on their nerves (yes, I made that last part up). The concept—to cut to the chase—is contained in the very title to this column. Washington and Hollywood, merging. Washingwood.

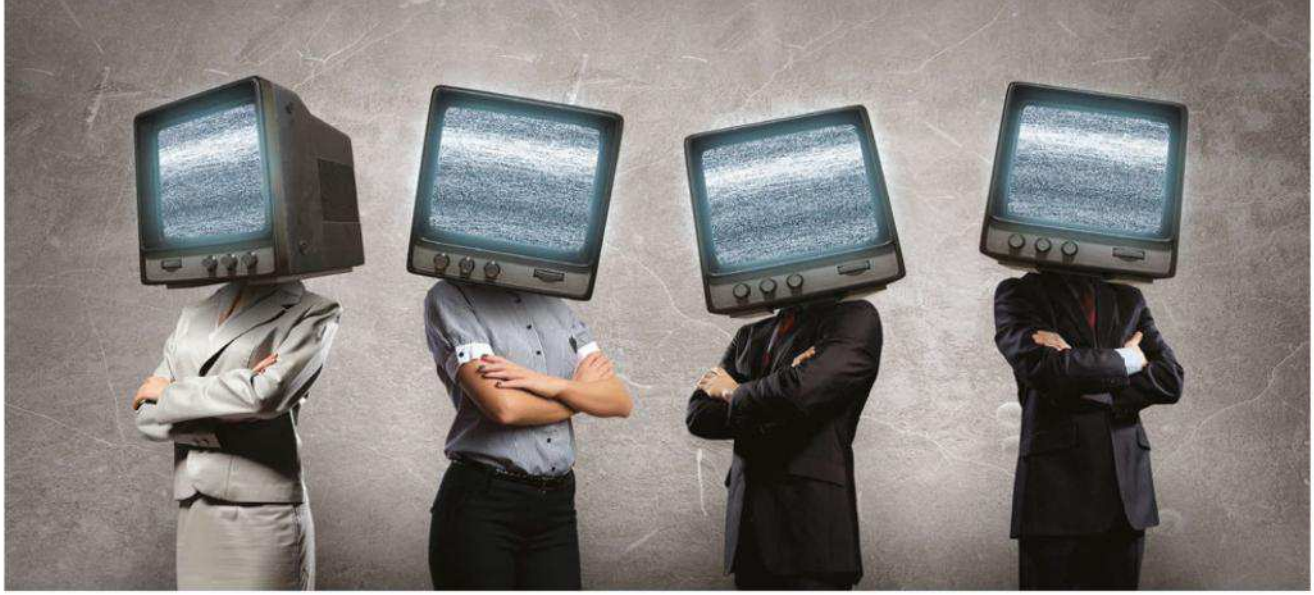
Given you'll be reading this post-Christmas and all the other religious holidays, perhaps it's a good idea to frame what I'm talking about in quasi-religious terms.

In the beginning, "something" created the universe (I'd like to stay away from pissing off this or that believer, nonbeliever, Satanist…and for sure the Scientologist, which I understand is a really bad idea). After creating the universe, this something created the mob, the teetering masses—a populace not yearning to be free, but rather yearning to kick the shit out of each other for bear fur and forest deli meats.

It had to stop. There had to be order, but in order to impose order, civilization needed men to impose that order. Order was imposed and, over the millennia, many millions lost their lives in service to this order. On a much less gruesome yet equally powerful note, a collective groan began emanating from the crowd. Order? Routine? *Boring.* Plus, there was not then (nor now) a societal balm to heal our disorderly tendencies.

Thus, in order to soothe our existential pain, we created entertainments. At first, these entertainments, like Shakespeare's, lambasted the very order that bored us. That had a shelf life. The Renaissance play suddenly became too real, and reality was the thing we were trying to escape. And the people yet again became bored.

Fast-forward a few centuries. We got the bawdy burlesque show, the



IT'S BEEN SAID YOU GET THE GOVERNMENT YOU DESERVE. I DISAGREE. PUBLIC SERVICE, ONCE A NOBLE DEED, IS NOW A FUNCTION OF HOW WELL YOU UNDERSTAND THE MATRIX OF THE KARDASHIAN FAMILY.

quasi-legal whorehouse which in some way or another still exists today, yet hasn't done much except empty our wallets and in some cases create prostate issues. Again, boredom.

In the fifties and sixties, television became the answer. A way to build an electric wall that blocks the aches and pains of living this complicated life by watching others live their lives in simplicity and ease, lives without cancer or financial difficulty, in a world where there's a harmonious, almost seductive love affair between the police and the general public. Everything was right and good and well. And again, the people got bored…because it was all bullshit.

Our leaders begged us to buy into that bullshit, or at least aspire to it. That didn't work out too well. Vietnam? Jimmy Carter said this was all our fault, and he was half right. He said we were stuck in a malaise and had a crisis of confidence. Again, half true. If someone falls into the gorilla enclosure at the zoo and a bystander yells out, "You're stuck in the fucking gorilla enclosure at the zoo!!" Whose fault is that? The bystander? The gorilla? Yours? They usually lay it on the gorilla, sadly.

Which brings us to Bill Clinton (yes, for economy's sake I'm leaving out all major and minor wars, revolutions, natural disasters, etc.) and his pronouncement that the "era of big government was over." Problem? With the exception of tax wonks, we love big government. We love careers and jobs and bridges and highways, hospitals and schools and all the rest. A couple of trade deals later, the working wage goes down, a low-grade depression kicks in, and we are again looking for answers. Well, that's what we tell ourselves. We're looking for reality. A bridge to a satisfying reality.

But what we're actually saying to each other is that life sucks. My job sucks. There are no more careers. I've now completely thrown in every chip I have into "online relationships" and I don't think I'm going to break even. Perhaps the best this life has to offer is legal weed.

Ahh, but a solution was created by two equally powerful forces: power in Washington, D.C., power in Hollywood, California. What if we could get people stuck into such a mass hypnosis that the entertainments I spoke of before—television, social media, all of it—fucks the mind up so badly, we cannot delineate between something resembling actual reality and fantasy?

Leaders, think-tankers, thought-changers (whatever the hell they call them now) began noodling on this concept and created (and this is important) NOT an alternative reality, but rather a reality that was alternative. One that was interesting, compelling, based on a twelve-hour news cycle, anecdotal, offensive, one with villains and saviors. That old, worn-out reality, the one that began with man beating up other man for bear meat simply became irrelevant. This new reality, which is self-inoculating against boredom, is eternal.

The powers that be created a 2016 election pitting a careerist political woman who held no press conferences of note in two years and had/has shady financial dealings against a man who holds too many press conferences with himself and an iPhone and had/has shady financial dealings. A government lifer vs. a reality TV star. Now who do you think was going to win that? C'mon. Deep down, you knew all that polling was simply nonsense. Trump for millions of people became their dirty little secret. They weren't telling pollsters, they weren't telling their neighbors. It would have sounded like, "Hey, Jim, wanna get the families together for a barbeque this weekend? Good. Oh, by the way, I like it when my wife pees on me." Like I said, a dirty little secret. No one's business.

Frankly, we're the powers that be. Give us a reality we can chew on, gossip about, argue about, and lose friends over (even if they're just fake friends we've made online), and that reality will win anytime. Even if the face of that reality, by exuding so much anger and obnoxiousness, only gives us more existential cud we can chew on…we'll take the new reality, the new guy, every time.

Problem is, this time the floodgates cannot be closed. Kanye in 2020? Ben Affleck? Reruns of *Alf*? Entertainments, from film to TV to even sports, contain a hint of political intrigue. Just enough to stir the pot. It's all there for you, and society has made it clear this past election season that one holds no more moral authority than the other.

It's been said you get the government you deserve. I disagree.

Public service, once a noble deed, is now a function of how well you understand the matrix of the Kardashian family.

And to all those people way back when who scoffed at my notion? I forgive. Grudgingly.

It wasn't just that Hollywood helped the imagery of Washington, D.C., or that Washington gave import or gravitas to celebrity. Hollywood and Washington are the same town.

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BOOKS

ROUGH TEXT

By Dave Carnie

1 / *But What If We're Wrong?*
By Chuck Klosterman (Blue Rider Press)

I originally misread Klosterman's latest title as *Why Is Everyone So Fucking Stupid?* Probably because it's upside down on the cover and a day doesn't go by when that question doesn't pass through my thoughts. *But What If We're Wrong?* is a casual exploration of the idea that everything we hold to be true now (aka "the future past") will be regarded as wrong by our descendants. Aristotle's explanation of gravity, for instance—a rock falls to the earth because rocks belong on earth and want to be there—sounds completely ridiculous now, but that was the science on gravity for 2,000 years. We still don't really know what gravity is and it's likely that our understanding of this "invisible force field" will be radically different in 500 years. Thus, if everyone in the past is a fucking idiot and wrong about everything, what makes us think we're so smart now?

Unfortunately, Klosterman devotes an inordinate amount of time applying his premise to such trifling subjects as literature and rock and roll. Who will future generations revere as this century's greatest author since Melville's *Moby-Dick* was barely noticed when it was first published, but 165 years later it's regarded as one of the greatest works of American literature? And how will rock and roll be remembered in 500 years? Klosterman thinks it will be a toss-up between Elvis and Dylan. I think it's a toss-up between "I don't care" and "Who gives a fuck?"

I found this all rather tiring because he essentially is using his premise as a clever device for approaching the "best bands of all time" lists he was making in the nineties when he worked for *Spin* magazine. The *New York Times Book Review* also found this "exasperating," saying, "His argument tends to be desultory and slapdash….Profound questions…what he calls 'the big potatoes'—are treated with intolerable glibness."

But the idea of questioning our confidence in our present reality from the perspective of the future is an admirable and, I think, necessary exercise. And when Klosterman focuses on "the big potatoes," things get interesting. I was actively engaged with the text and found myself shaking my fist at the book repeatedly. And that was what was fun about reading it: It's kind of like being in an intelligent barroom discussion (oxymoron duly noted) that stumbles all over the room. And, yes, the book is saturated with glibness, but one does not pick up Klosterman with expectations of Chomsky.

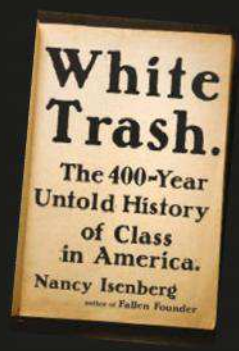
Klosterman admits to intentionally avoiding hot-button issues like climate change because "the Earth's climate *is* changing, in a documented sense." But he does bring his speculation into some interesting areas such as AI and parallel universes, and he even challenges the unassailability of our Constitution, imagining a future textbook saying: "The populace decided to use this same document forever, inflexibly, without apprehension, even if the country lasted for two thousand years. Viewed retrospectively, it would not seem stunning that this did not work out."

Klosterman doesn't solve any problems, but he poses interesting questions that could lead to a better understanding of how we reach answers. It was also refreshing to learn that I've been right all along: Everyone is wrong. Including me.

2 / *White Trash*
By Nancy Isenberg (Viking)

Turns out the fictional book I created when misreading Klosterman's title does exist, but its real title is *White Trash*. I recently recommended *White Trash* to a friend in Sweden and I described it this way: "It's about why Americans are so stupid." Really it's an unflinching, well written, and heavily researched survey of class in America. When I finished it, I was convinced that I was at least 50 percent white trash. And probably part whatever else is mixed in with the white trash because I'm definitely not part one-percenter.

White Trash is a melancholy but fascinating jaunt through American history. Eugenics, white slaves, the founding fathers (read: aristocracy), Sarah Palin, and even Honey Boo Boo are all touched upon here. I was especially intrigued by how similar descriptions of Andrew Jackson are to those of another modern "political" figure: "He was not admired for statesmanlike qualities, which he lacked in abundance in comparison to his highly educated rivals.… His supporters adored his rough edges…. Because Jackson had relatively little experience holding political offices, his run for the presidency drew even more than the normal amount of attention to his personal character…. Whether supporters portrayed him as the conquering hero or his enemies labeled him King Andrew I, all focus was on his volatile emotions. He certainly lacked the education and polite breeding of his presidential predecessors."



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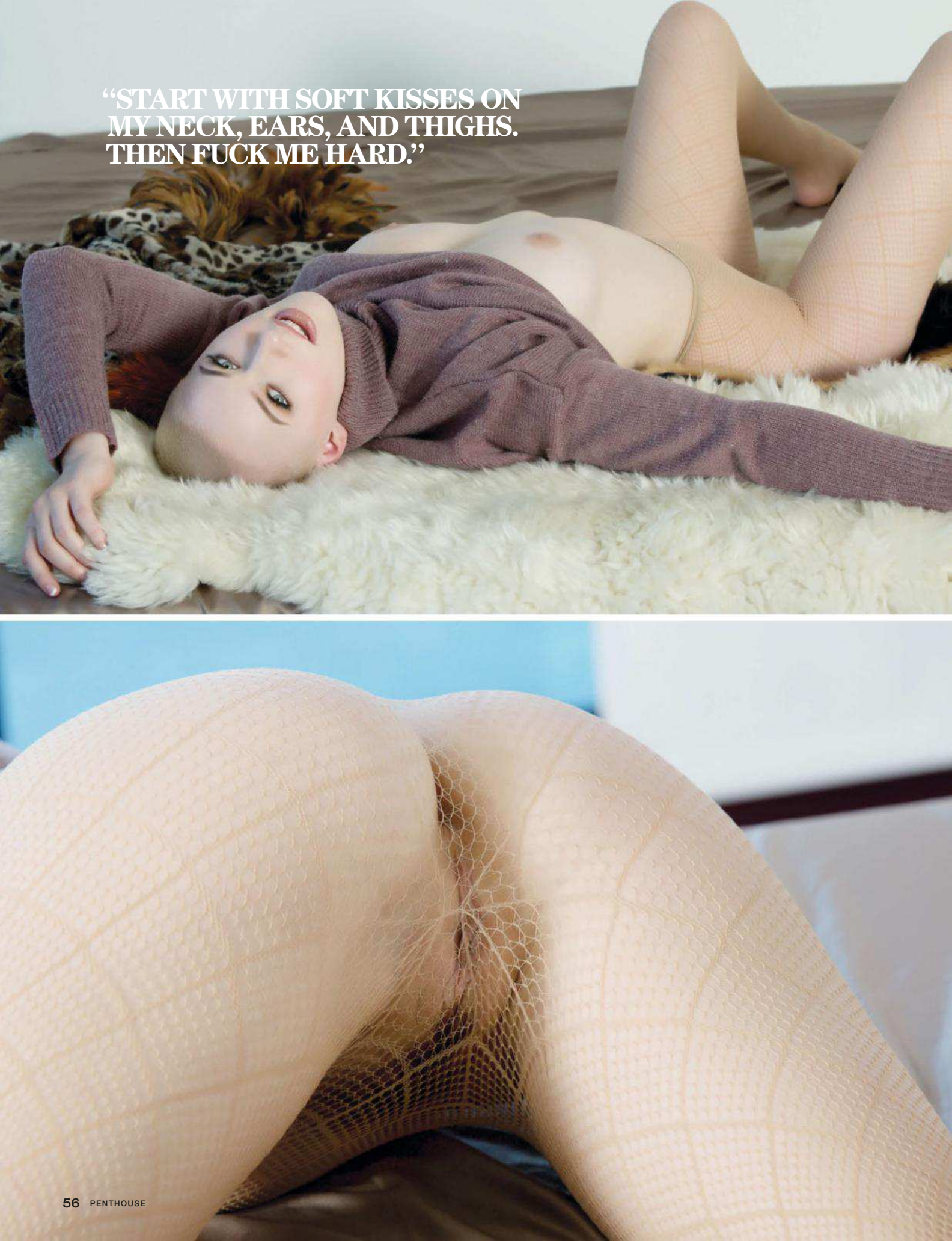

"START WITH SOFT KISSES ON MY NECK, EARS, AND THIGHS. THEN FUCK ME HARD."

"IF I COULD, I WOULD BE NAKED ALL THE TIME."

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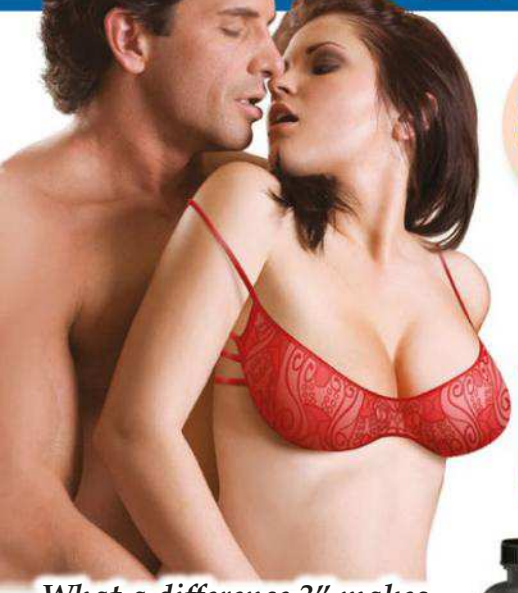

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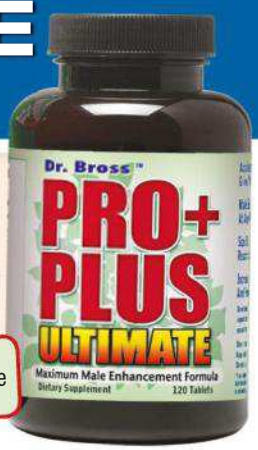

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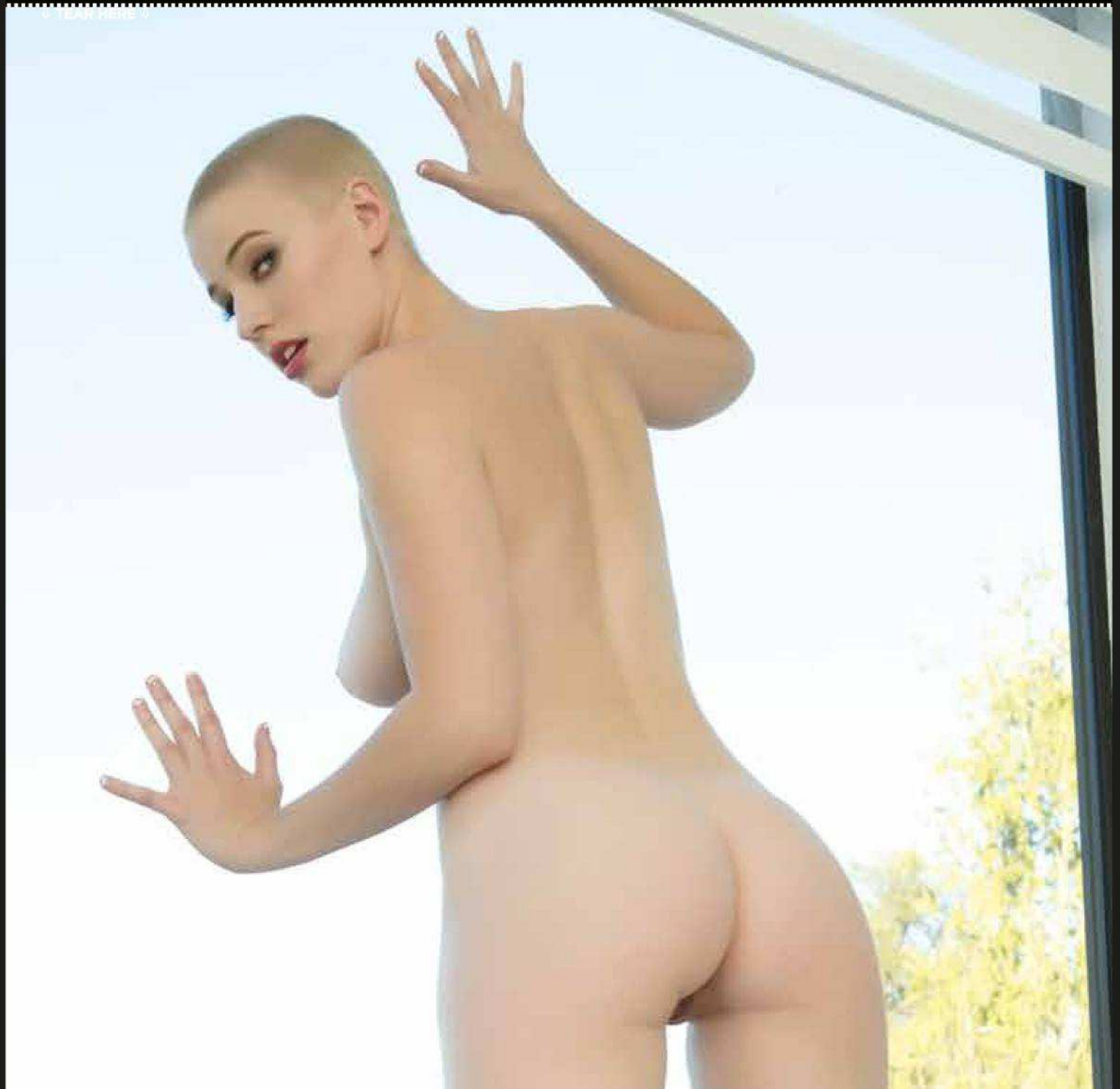

PENTHOUSE

RILEY NIXON **MARCH 2017 PET OF THE MONTH**

PENTHOUSE
RILEY NIXON MARCH 2017 PET OF THE MONTH

Vital Stats:

33-25-36

5'5"

22 years old

Hometown: Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

Why did you shave your head?

It was time. I've seen a few women with this haircut and I love the way it looks. I love the bravery–just cut it all off and don't give a shit about what other people think.

So is it true what they say about girls with short hair?

I don't know. What do they say about girls with short hair?

They have a *fuck it* attitude. That you should always zero in on the girl with short hair at a bar because the odds of her going home with you are way better. Something about bucking conventional rules of beauty and expectation.

Hmmm. I don't want to say that's mostly true…but that's mostly true. Yes to the *fuck it* attitude, but I would also caution against walking up to a girl in a bar and expecting something just because she has short hair.

Point taken. What's with you, bathtubs, and wine?

[*Laughs*] In a bathtub, you feel like you're in the womb again. It's my little peace zone. I just discovered wine. It makes my insides warm and happy. The combination of being drunk inside a womb is like the best thing ever. I'm a little obsessed.

Obsessed with wombs?

Obsessed with childbirth. I don't know. It gets worse every year. Getting a dog helps. I just want to buy land, build my earthship with my soul human, and start making babies.

What the fuck is an earthship?

It's a home that is completely self-sustainable and off the grid. Usually built on a south-facing slope. Big windows, solar panels, reclaimed materials. I think it's ridiculous to have to leave your house just to work to pay for your house. I can't live like that.

Speaking of work, how did you find porn?

I was modeling and booking random gigs that did not pay very well. I was living in a van. I found a porn gig on Craigslist. *Exploited College Girls.* I thought it was fun and easy. I can't believe I didn't start earlier.

What! You were in *Exploited College Girls* and you weren't in college? I'm crushed.

Well, I was college age.

It's not the same, Riley, it's not the same.

SEE MORE OF RILEY AT PENTHOUSE.COM

IMAGE : CATALIN206

SEX POT

HOW PUTTING WEED IN MY PUSSY TURNED ME INTO A NEW BREED OF CANNABIS LOVER.

BY MISH BARBER-WAY

I REMEMBER the first time I smoked weed like it was five minutes ago.

I was 13 years old and had gone to see a movie with a group of my girlfriends. My hair was permed and my tits were nonexistent. I had yet to be punished with braces (that would come the following year) and my only care was pleasing my parents just enough for them to leave me alone. My girlfriends and I snuck out back of the strip mall complex and behind a restaurant beside the theater. My friend, Liana, pulled out an apple and a bag of pot from her Jansport backpack.

She had prepared the apple at home, so the holes were set and we were ready to smoke. When the apple got to me, I sucked face with it like a horny Snow White and tried my best to inhale the way Liana was instructing. I had smoked a total of seven cigarettes in my life, so taking smoke was foreign to my teenage lungs. We refilled the apple bowl over and over. Whenever someone dropped it, we'd all started laughing hysterically while scrambling to collect the charred nugs. Suddenly a dishwasher from the restaurant stepped out the back door and we ran like criminals.

I didn't feel stoned right away, but once that first fistfull of popcorn missed my mouth and landed on my chest, I doubled over in laughter. Yes, I was stoned. Colors, sounds, and textures were amplified. I was suddenly so aware of how sticky my hands were. I tried to ignore the urge to go wash them in the girls' room but it was pestering me like water torture. My mind did somersaults as I sunk into the theater seat. Why had movies never been this funny before?

From then on, I smoked a lot of weed in my youth because that's what you do in your youth. It's easy to put back a joint or two a day when your responsibilities are homework, learning to drive, and doing the dishes. We made "lungs" out of two-liter soda bottles and plastic bags. We smoked out of cans when we couldn't find papers. We built makeshift bongs out of plastic 7-11 novelty items and watched *Half Baked* on repeat.

This was British Columbia, and everyone was into weed. My family is peppered with casual pot users. I used to have to buy my Uncle Chris $200 worth every time he came into town for a business trip. The first time I smoked with my dad I was 15 years old and on a family vacation with a bunch of my relatives and younger cousins. He took my brother and me to the beach before dinner. When we were good and stoned, we went inside and sat down at the table. My mom immediately knew what was up and stared daggers into my dad's glossy red eyes. He just poured himself another gin. "Come on," he laughed. "We're on vacation!"

That's the thing about weed and what eventually made me stop in my twenties: It put my mind on vacation. I was never good at portion control and usually got too stoned. Like the time my friend Sarah gave me four pot cookies to take home, and I ate them all while walking to another friend's house to finish a group project for French class. By the time I knocked on her door and opened my notebook, my brain had crash-landed on the moon. Have you ever listened to North American teenagers try to speak French while high out of your skull? I was laughing so hard I forgot my native tongue. I ended up puking a little bit, then passed out on the couch. I didn't try edibles again for over a decade.

When I worked at the local grocery store, I would smoke weed with the produce boys on my breaks and after work every night. Being a stoned cashier sent me into *Rain Man* mode. I would try to solve

THE FIRST TIME I SMOKED WEED WITH MY DAD I WAS 15 YEARS OLD.

math problems no one needed to, like figuring out how many times the scanner beeped during a shift by averaging the beeps per minute by my hours clocked. (My math was definitely not accurate.) Driving home stoned took years. I once caught myself doing a steady 20 in a 55 mph zone.

Smoking weed and going to class was an even bigger waste of brain. By the time college came around, I decided it was time to drop the daily bong rips and just binge drink and dabble in cocaine like a normal person. Except when it came to sex. I liked taking a modest hit of weed and fucking, especially with someone I actually liked. By the time I was in my mid-twenties, weed had become a novelty that usually accompanied dick. (And that dick usually provided the weed.)

A few years ago, while pushing 30, I was assigned a story about the latest development in sexuality and women's health: an all-natural, THC-infused sexual enhancement oil called Foria Pleasure. Everyone from ABC News to *Cosmopolitan* to Bill Maher was calling it "weed lube." Then I met up with the brand's California cofounder, Matthew Gerson, to talk about it.

"I have some marijuana plants growing right now," he explained to me across the table. "If you spend time with this plant, it's a fascinating weed. Marijuana is essentially a very horny female plant. It's the female that is harvested and secretes the fluid, wants to be pollinated, and when it's pollinated becomes stressed out and produces more and more. There's this weird connection between

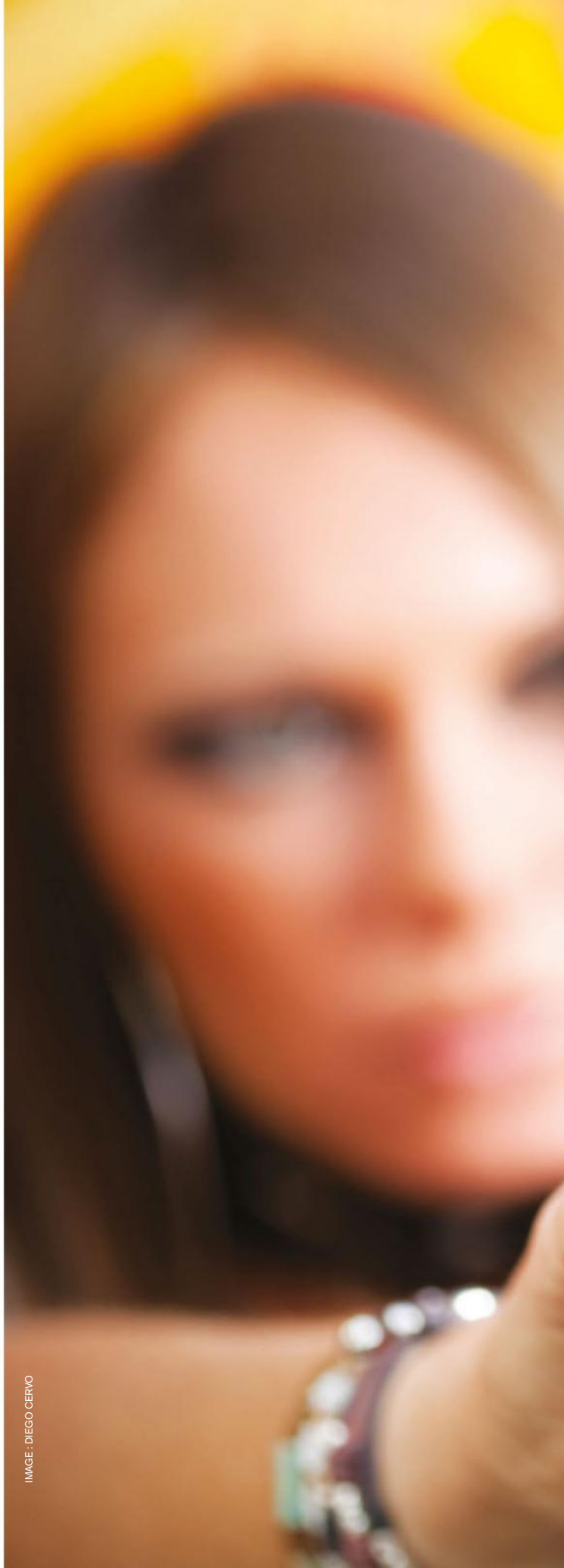

IMAGE: DIEGO CERVO

IMAGE : PENTHOUSE PET NICOLE ANISTON

the human female and the female plant. We have evolved with plants. We have a receptor that successfully absorbs THC. We have that capacity to absorb the pollen the plant secretes because our physiology coevolved."

In my entire history of smoking weed, I never actually thought about its harvest. Or that it was as horny as I was.

There are two dominant cannabinoids in the marijuana plant: cannabidiol (CBD), which is the non-psychoactive, pain-relieving element, and tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), which releases dopamine in the brain, but also stimulates a neurochemical called anandamide, or "the bliss molecule." THC is the cannabinoid that makes you feel high as a kite. However, it has many other positive functions when used on the body in different ways.

Cannabinoid extraction methods have gone from nonexistent to NASA-level. Today, cannabis cultivators have created ingenious ways of sucking the drugs out of the plant, liquifying them into new forms like concentrates or oils. What Foria discovered is that THC helps increase blood flow when applied topically to the clitoris and labia. The lining of the vagina quickly absorbs it into the bloodstream. This is the genius of Foria: it's getting your vagina, not your brain, stimulated.

It wasn't like I had trouble enjoying sex. I didn't need any chemical assistance or to trick my pussy into sex by getting it "stoned." Foria became this new bonus. It was more lubricating than my favorite water-based lubricant, Slippery Stuff, and I required a fraction of the amount. Foria is a pre-sex mist, not an actual lube you continue to apply throughout. When I spritzed it onto my clit, the THC never crossed my blood-brain barrier, which means I didn't feel stoned in my head. However, when my husband licked it off me, he got high.

I DIDN'T NEED ANY CHEMICAL ASSISTANCE OR TO TRICK MY PUSSY INTO SEX BY GETTING IT "STONED."

After a week of using it, we had mastered our method: two sprays in the mouth, and three down south. (We keep a bottle on our bedside table to this day.) Foria wasn't this magical oil that made orgasms shoot out of me like fireworks. Cannabis doesn't work like that when it's being absorbed through the mucus membranes and labia. I think that's what I liked about it. It was aiding my body in a new way that was improving my sex life and overall health. My body was doing the portion control for me.

I kept in touch with Gerson and he informed me about Foria's new creations with the horny girl plant. Within a year, Foria had linked up with celebrity urologist Dr. Jen Berman to create a wildly successful vaginal suppository, Relief, designed to reduce menstrual pain. Half a year later came their rectal suppository, Explore, for anal sex play and pain relief. I tried them both and was hooked.

Have you ever shoved cannabis up your asshole? Of course you haven't! It's never been a "thing" until now. Why do you think British schoolgirls used to soak tampons in vodka and shove them up their butts? It was so they could be drunk undetected at school. Stevie Nicks didn't have her assistant blow cocaine into her ear, now did she? No, she went straight for the b-hole.

I may not smoke weed anymore, but I'm more than happy to put it on and inside myself.

■ ■ ■

"THE best thing we have found to normalize the human body is cannabis," California-based chiropractor Dr. Allen Miller tells me. He specializes in chronic pain and sports-injury management, and we met at a cannabis event in Malibu. "Our bodies were made to take this plant, just like vitamin C or D or any other mineral in your body. The body is very organized and if it needs something, it has receptors for it. CBD and THC sit like a lock and key to the receptors in the body."

Men have Viagra and Cialis, but the lack of pharmaceuticals created to aid women's sexual dysfunction is less about gender discrimination and more about science. Numerous studies have linked erectile dysfunction to cardiovascular disease, diabetes, and high cholesterol, so although your boner is a quality of life issue, it can also be connected to serious medical issues. On the other hand, the link between female sexual-arousal problems and high-risk conditions is yet to be determined.

Miller believes cannabis oil is the perfect aid for sexual health, especially for older men and women who are facing the biological realities of being post-reproduction. A decreased amount of estrogen results in the thinning of the vaginal walls, which is extremely painful for women; THC helps stimulate the blood flow in that area.

However, many studies insist that there's a link between erectile dysfunction and marijuana users. A *Journal of Sexual Medicine* study suggests that when THC interacts with cannabinoid receptors in the brain, it impairs function. Because there are also cannabinoid receptors in the penile tissue, researchers concluded THC could likely cause erectile dysfunction. Then again, it might also be helpful in preventing premature ejaculation.

Allegedly, a low dose of cannabis can increase sexual appetite, while a high dose could quell it. Portion control is key when using cannabis, which is why topically applying it to my labia is going to result in increased pleasure, while smoking it straight to my head will make me rethink the fact that I even have a labia.

Maybe I wasn't back on board with bong rips, but using cannabis to increase my sexual health restored my interest in the plant. You could say that my vagina is now addicted to weed, which I now use regularly to manage my period cramps and increase the intensity of my orgasms. But using weed to enhance sex is nothing new.

In the 1930s, Russian brides mixed cannabis with lamb's fat to consume on their wedding night to enhance sexual pleasure. In west Uganda, men use cannabis as a traditional remedy for erectile dysfunction. Hindu and Buddhist tantric cannabis practices date back to 700 A.D. Cannabis has been with us for centuries, and yet we are only in the infancy of discovering its healing properties.

I spent years away from cannabis because I thought I always got too stoned from smoking, and I started to worry more about what went into my body, too. Nowadays, you don't need to smoke; with all the oils, tinctures, vapes, and sprays, there are so many means of taking cannabis. Being able to use it on my pussy was the gateway to getting it back into my life.

Cannabis has gone from being just something teenagers do to get fucked up and have fun to a respected method of pain relief and healing. A physician now writes you a recommendation script for weed so you can use it to improve your sex life.

Now tell that to your grandmother.

ART BUFF

Texas native Liz Ashley is one year away from graduating with a bachelor's degree in fine arts. And while she is passionate about her craft, we're excited that she believes in all forms of creative expression.

So find a quiet space, grab your brush, and practice your stroke.

Photography: Tammy Sands

MASTER OF PUPPETS

IF ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, THEN JEFF TREMAINE, COCREATOR OF MTV'S *JACKASS*, IS PERHAPS THE GREATEST PUPPETEER OF THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY.

INTERVIEW BY CHRIS NIERATKO

JEFF TREMAINE, the eternal instigator, manipulated a ragtag cast of half-assed stuntmen and merry pranksters into televised self-mutilation, accidentally sparking a cultural revolution that led everyone with a camera (and later a cellphone) to believe they, too, could be a celebrity.

Groundbreaking as it was to the mainstream to see a bunch of average Joes fucking themselves up on the small screen armed with nothing more than a handheld camera, the truth was that the *Jackass* brand of buffoonery was nothing new to the skateboarding world—it had been going on in the pages and videos of the infamous and now-defunct *Skateboarding* magazine for nearly a decade before *Jackass* aired in 2000. It was during his tenure as editorial director of *Big Brother* magazine in the nineties that Tremaine assembled his own personal Howard Stern-esque wack-pack that would go on to gross over half a billion dollars.

Hulu recently released *DUMB,* a documentary focusing on the pre-*Jackass* years of *Big Brother,* directed by Patrick O'Dell. I caught up with Tremaine, my former *Big Brother* boss, at his Gorilla Flicks office in Burbank to discuss starting fights, his Ho Chi Minh nickname, nearly killing Johnny Knoxville, his upcoming Mötley Crüe biopic, and of course *Big Brother,* the nuthouse that started him down one of the craziest roads in television history.

Before creating *Jackass* you were the art and editorial director of *Big Brother,* one of the most infamous comedic magazines of any genre. How would you describe the magazine?
It was reckless, fun, and sort of punk. We had a fuck-all attitude and we had a boss in the early days with Steve Rocco and then later with Larry Flynt, who left us alone and encouraged our antics. Rocco wanted it as wild as could be. He challenged me to make it that way with a wide-open wallet. Creatively speaking, he made sure we had everything we needed. There were no boundaries for anything we wanted to do.

The new documentary *DUMB* covers the early years of the magazine extensively, but I'm curious as to what some of the highlights were for you personally?
I was in high spirits on the Mardi Gras tour. I remember we walked up to a biker bar and a couple guys were at the front door ready to go in, and right before that group gets in I called to them and kicked over a motorcycle and yelled, "Harley down!" Now they're as guilty as me because they're with me. Any one of them that gets caught is dead. So we had to run for our lives, and that was the kind of tour it was every night. We didn't even have coverage of half the shit, so it was all drawn in the magazine. The video footage we do have is crazy. One clip we have is in the French Quarter and there's a cop car and Karma climbs up on it and drops in on the window while Simon Woodstock is pissing all over the car in a crayon suit and Marc McKee is making out with some chick. It was the most random chaos.

How do you feel *Big Brother* has changed media in general in its elevation of the staff being the characters?
That was not intentional. That just sort of happened. I don't think of that as very revolutionary. What we were doing was part of what the culture was. Anyone who saw *Jackass* that came from skateboarding…it wasn't very original to any skateboarder. It's original to anyone that wasn't part of that culture, but for skateboarders *Jackass* is just a skate video without a lot of skating.

Have you ever been on the receiving end of a punch?
You know how it is, we have big mouths and we like to stir it up. I always liked to start bar fights but not participate in them to see what I could get going. You can't be too drunk when you do that. You have to be just the right amount of drunk because when you get too drunk you get sloppy and you get caught. One night I was at this guy's house in Hermosa Beach who was having a big party and I was wasted. I'm waiting in a long line for the bathroom and I'm bored to death and I see this gnarly gangster cholo dude sitting on the couch and I walk out of the bathroom line and go start talking to this dude and I say to him, "I know this is going to sound weird but I was standing in the bathroom line and the dude in front of me keeps looking over at you and saying, 'That dude has dick-sucking lips.'" The guy just gives me this weird look. It turns out that it was his good friend that I said had said that shit, and he knew that he didn't say it. But he didn't confront me about it right there. He had to soak it in and it festered with him for a while, because later I was sitting in the kitchen, I was pretty blacked out but I remember this dude was right in my face, screaming, "You don't know who I am!" Next thing I know my friend's ex-girlfriend is trying to help me up. I'm looking up at all these people that are all concerned. I was like, "Why am I laying on the ground?" Knocked the fuck out.

"IT'S ORIGINAL TO ANYONE THAT WASN'T PART OF THAT CULTURE, BUT FOR SKATEBOARDERS *JACKASS* IS JUST A SKATE VIDEO WITHOUT A LOT OF SKATING."

Where do you think that comes from, you being such an instigator?
My mom tells me stories about being a little kid in preschool and my nickname was Ho Chi Minh, because I did not like peace. I would walk in and just bite somebody or make sure shit got started, even back then. But, Chris, you like to instigate, too.

I like to make things uncomfortable. You like to instigate.

It's true. I do.
I like chaos. I have always liked chaos. One time we were at the Beauty Bar on Cahuenga and there was a real feisty Spanish girl that I was talking to, and I accidently bumped her into this other girl and the other girl started talking shit. I first tried to break it up and then I was like, "Wait a minute. What am I doing?"So I nudged her back into the girl and next thing I know the two girls start fighting and then dudes start swinging and suddenly the whole bar erupts. I took two steps back, stood against the wall, and watched the whole bar clear out in a full-on, best movie-bar-fight ever. There's been a few of those. What? You don't do that?

No, never. You made it through the *Jackass* years relatively unscathed.
No, I get caught, but it's usually not on camera. Those guys will get me. I remember it was toward the end of the first movie in Europe with [Johnny] Knoxville and Bam [Margera] and we were doing press and our big threat to each other was, "I'm going to come on you, dude!" It was a joke. Well, I thought it was a joke but I also knew to not take it too lightly. So we're partying pretty hard, and one of the days we had to get up at seven in the morning and I get in the back of the minivan and just pass out. I wake up because I feel something hit me in the face and I look up and Bam is just lurking over me jacking off. I thought come hit my face and woke me up but it was a scarf hanging down. I freaked out and punched him in the bare dick. I felt his whole balls mash into my hand. But if I that scarf didn't hit me I would've gotten hit. He was speed-stroking, full-on trying to make it happen. After that I was sleep-deprived because I wouldn't close my eyes.

Are there any other times over the years where you had that kind of fear for someone's safety?
Yeah, in the early *Jackass* days we didn't have an art director or any help.

Spike Jonze, Preston Lacy, Jeff Tremaine, Ehren McGhehey, Steve O and Jason "Wee Man" Acuna

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK / S_BUKLEY

If we wanted to jump the L.A. River in rollerskates, me and the cameraman would screw the ramp together and just do it and film it. No permits. No nothing. So one time Knoxville went online and bought three riot-control shotgun shells that had little beanbag inserts. It was the earliest version of these things. We get this stuntman who was willing to shoot Johnny. I don't know where Knoxville found this guy but we're in his backyard in the Valley and Knoxville is like, "Let's just do it." I said, "No, man. It'll be better if we build it up."

So I get a watermelon and set it up with a sheet of plywood behind it. The guy shoots the watermelon and it blows right through it but it also blows right through the plywood. And I was like, "That doesn't seem right." Knoxville is like, "Fuck it. We're here. Let's just do it." Again, I'm like, "No, man! Hold on." I grab an even thicker piece of plywood," and I draw a circle and I tell the guy to shoot it. He shoots at it and misses the circle. It goes like six inches above the circle but rips right through the inch plywood. A big-ass hole. The guy was pretty close to point-blank and he was aiming at the circle. Those things just don't go where they're supposed to go. They fly like a Frisbee bullet totally out of control where you won't hit what you're aiming for, but if you shoot it into a crowd you will kill somebody. I couldn't believe they were even selling those things.

But Knoxville is like, "Let's do it and get out of here." I'm like, "Are you fucking kidding me? Are you watching what I'm watching? If you want to do it, go ahead, but every one of you cameramen get in the car. We're getting the fuck out of here. You can shoot him but I'm not going to be here for that shit." I had to make him walk away from that shit and he was pissed at me for shutting him down. We eventually did it in the movie when they had a better device with more accuracy that wouldn't go right through you. That tells you everything about Knox–he's just Evel Knievel-style. Evel would have the wrong gear and show up and see the crowd and know that if he commits to the jump over however many buses that he's eating shit but, "Goddamnit! The crowd is here–let's do this!"

Since the days of *Jackass* you've been doing a bunch of directing, and for years your name has been tied to the Mötley Crüe biopic based on their autobiography, *The Dirt*.

I have been attached to this goddamn thing for over four years, but it feels real right now with Netflix and I'm hoping it all works out. My attraction to doing the movie was not because I'm the biggest Mötley Crüe fan, but after I read that book I saw a lot of similarities between them and the *Jackass* roller-coaster ride, with the crash-and-burn and the drugs and with Mötley Crüe encouraged and expected to be as bad as possible. They

were paid a lot of money and they were never checked. The naughtier they were the more they were loved. They had a free pass and the *Jackass* guys had the same thing. Steve-O could take a shit on a red carpet and it would be positive news. If Brad Pitt does that it's a devastating career-ending move for him. But Steve-O just gets more gigs. That takes a toll on the guys because all of a sudden you become a caricature of yourself and you get caught up in trying to one-up yourself and I think that happened to Mötley Crüe, too. You lose track of your moral compass and I feel really connected to this story because of that, more than I am connected to their music.

There are so many gems in *The Dirt*. What was one that you read that you just instantly visualized on the big screen?

Them meeting Ozzy [Osbourne] around that hotel pool and they snort ants and Ozzy pees all over the pool and they lick it up. If you're only surrounded by your team and you're in a fucking psycho mode like we were on *Jackass* and during *Big Brother*…you're in a bubble and the rules of real life do not apply.

"I GREW UP IN THE REAGAN-ERA PUNK-ROCK SCENE; A GREAT TIME FOR ART AND MUSIC THAT HASN'T HAPPENED SINCE."

One question I'm always asked is why don't you bring the magazine back? I personally don't think it could work in this time of heightened sensitivity, but perhaps I'm wrong in my thinking and now, with our orange president, is the best time to have such a comedic and antagonistic outlet.

It's a better time now than it's been since it died. *Big Brother* was never a politically correct magazine. We never did anything nice and easy. My one optimistic nugget that I hold close in regards to Trump winning the election is that I grew up in the Reagan-era punk-rock scene; a great time for art and music that hasn't happened since, in my opinion. So I'm really hoping that Trump really gets under the artists' skin and they bloom and shock me with some awesome angst-filled music, art, magazines. Something is going to come out in these next four years that I'm going to get entertained by through all this. That's my one glimmer of hope… everything else is fucked.

To read the full unedited Jeff Tremaine interview, go to Penthouse.com

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / FREDERICK M. BROWN

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THE GREAT WHITE HOPE

YOU BET YOUR SWEET ASSES AMERICA IS GOING TO BE GREAT AGAIN—AS GREAT AS THE SWEET ASSES ON THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE.

BY CINTRA WILSON

*(**WARNING:** The following is a piece of blistering sociopolitical satire that is guaranteed to offend absolutely everyone. If you are of any faith, race, creed, or gender and easily offended…just walk away. Otherwise, your reading of this introduction implicates you in a good-faith contract, to wit: You, the reader, consent to agree to not take chunks of this piece out of context in order to pillory, vilify, or publicly renounce the author and/or this magazine. Should you read this article, become grievously offended, and try to distort the satiric intent of this author or this publication, the reading of this paragraph is a tacit acknowledgement that you are a humorless, context-deaf troll, and potentially open to a lawsuit of crippling proportions. READING PAST THIS POINT IMPLIES THAT YOU ACKNOWLEDGE THESE GUIDELINES AND THE DEVASTATING CONSEQUENCES OF ANY ACTIONS CONCERNING THE DISTORTION OF THIS ARTICLE OR ITS INTENT HENCEFORTH. If America was smarter, or capable of understanding the concept and/or value of satire, caveats like this would not need to exist. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.)*

WELCOME, friend.

While the rest of the country may be wringing its aprons, heaving its federally subsidized transsexual breasts, and sobbing like groped Mouseketeers into their reclaimed hemp sofa cushions about how bad everything is about to be in the face of this awesome new presidency, We the People Who Buy Pornography in Print (the way God originally intended both pornography and the Constitution) are in for four years of a country that is going to be like an extended stay at a Saudi sheik's personal Viagra dome in the middle of his Victoria's Secret-model slave-village.

We purchasers of print pornography are, statistically speaking, white, God-fearing Republicans. We like to keep America as safe as our Constitutionally-guaranteed right to bear assault rifles. We, as men, may face great challenges in the days to come in our effort to protect our women, our sex lives, our secret sex lives, our minorities, and our assault rifles; getting the people in the aforementioned to consent to us locking them in custom-built closets with adequate ventilation, like our cigars, will take some doing, but with security our theme, with safety on our side, we are sure to get there.

We—and the Greatest American President in History—have important things in common: We understand that our society's current definition of "truth" is, in fact, a venal, snake-hearted liberal deceit, perpetrated by heedless, antiauthoritarian "news" outlets whose exclusive purpose is the wanton and shameful kneecapping of corporate, industrial, and military progress.

Truth, as we know it, is a relative, constantly changing, often inconsistent, stranger-than-fiction phenomenon, and entirely reliant on an executive and military force capable of punishing you for not believing it. These narrow-minded voices of so-called "democracy" will always assume that fender-benders in which our Lincoln Town Car T-bones a baby carriage are the fault of the driver, no matter what the baby was wearing to provoke the altercation.

Finally, justice will be on our side.

Once all of the interfering, naysaying, jabbering, myopic, concave-chested liberal hacks are dispatched into their various federally mandated quarantine arenas, this is going to be the greatest four years in history. History may as well just roll over and die now, or at least lay back and enjoy it…because it is going to be absolutely unrecognizable by 2021.

OUR GREATEST OF ALL POSSIBLE NEW PRESIDENTS SHITS BIGGER THAN THE MIDDLE EAST.

FOREIGN POLICY: NOT SO FOREIGN ANYMORE

Our new POTUS is going to do what previous American presidents have been too cowardly ever to do before: kick foreign policy *completely out* of America, and make sure it remains back in the sinister teeming lands from which it sprang.

If this presidency will prove anything, it is that there is no problem too big to oversimplify. We believe, like our new Commander in Chief, that our Commander in Chief is bigger than the issue. It's true: Our new POTUS *is physically larger than the entire geopolitical arena.* Our greatest of all possible new presidents shits bigger than the Middle East.

Why confuse power with issues, when the only real issue is *power itself*?

We now have a man in the White House who isn't going to be afraid to pick up the big red phone, light a cigar, ring up Henry Kissinger, call him out for being a beaky-faced pansy in ladies' zipper-boots, then ramrod a billon megatons of death wherever it is necessary. Anywhere. Globally.

Diplomacy, like disco, has had its day, and now it just looks stupid. Tough guys don't dance, and real men don't need to talk about anything but themselves. And they sure as hell don't read so-called "intelligence reports," written by special reporters with very special interests hell-bent on obfuscating obvious realities by confounding them with zillions of meaningless details. We tested these intelligence reports on chimpanzees in the Pentagon vivisection ring—and after trying to analyze a few dozen of these inscrutable white papers, all the monkeys voluntarily shot themselves.

WOMEN: CAN'T LIVE WITH 'EM? THEY'RE FIRED!

We're not speaking, of course, of the angels in our centerfolds. They are ambitious, attractive, hard-working, and healthful young ladies with minds as open as their buttocks to the rigors and challenges of maverick-style innovation.

We're talking about all women who can be considered a "New York 5" and under. Nobody wants those. They don't even like themselves! What's the point of keeping them on a payroll? Who wants to look at that in their family? Nobody. We sure don't. So any female we wouldn't want to see barefoot, pregnant, and chained to our gold pedestal sink will be presented with a few options. Those willing to undergo mandatory sterilization will be exported behind the soon-to-be-built "Wailing Wall" on the scenic isle of Lesbos; those unwilling will participate in compulsory hunting exercises with Ted Nugent in all of the calendar months excluding boar season. Hell hath no fury

PHOTO: STOCKPHOTO4U

like the most dangerous game, so expect to see a dramatic rise in laser-scope crossbow stocks.

RIGHTING WHAT'S LEFT OF THEIR REPRODUCTIVE WRONGS

What's left of the few sordid Planned Parenthood clinics will be transformed into combination day spa/tiki bars, where young and/or eugenically qualified females will be given federally subsidized massage classes, football-viewing lessons, and a Spanish fly happy hour in all locations equipped with our new state-operated Jacuzzi suites.

As far as sex education in schools is concerned, we're developing an internet meme campaign to convince women over the age of twelve that they can't get pregnant if they've been dieting drastically enough for their bodies to go into ketosis. If that doesn't make them hot enough to land successful husbands, at least they'll make better tips in topless bars under freeway overpasses, all of which will receive special personalized commendations from the president for their tireless efforts toward sustaining the morale of working men nationwide.

MELANIA THE GREAT / HER FUTURE GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS

Our First Lady will be an inspiration to all American women in their ambitions to be thin, demure, obedient, incapable of speaking English, and hot enough to be featured in professional softcore projects.

Melania will be an Ambassador of Hope, educating women everywhere on such issues as nipple health, the dangers of wearing denim following bikini-area waxing procedures, and lectures based on her nutritional pamphlet, "Be Smart on 150 Calories a Day."

In honor of our country's children, the First Lady will tour American grade schools in 2018, promoting her educational children's book, *Boo-Hoo, Mr. Jew, Nobody Is Killing You.*

GLOBAL WARMING IS A MYTH, JUST LIKE BIGFOOT, THE HOLOCAUST, POKÉMON, AND THE FEMALE ORGASM.

OUR ENVIRONMENT IS GREAT, THANKS. (YOURS, NOT SO MUCH)

Obviously—and we can see this just by looking with our untrained eye at any jungle, ocean, or forest—the whole nature mess has gotten way out of control.

Nature is a privilege, not a "right" handed down from a Sky God that just flies free into the web of your dream catcher.

Have you ever had sex with a woman who has been living in a giant redwood tree for three months? No? Neither have we. Why? We don't even want to *think* about those armpits. The ecological idealism of the 1960s arguably failed because of women, and their absurd assumption that participation in free love excused them from their duties of brassiere-wearing and regular hair-removal. Bigfoot sightings can probably be attributable to unfortunate hikers catching a glimpse of tree-sitting activist Julia Butterfly Hill while she was trying to scuttle over to a logging-camp Port-O-Let to wring out her pubic kilt.

The Paris Agreement only proves that nothing good has come out of France since it stopped waggling its limp, ruffly wrists and mime-swatting haplessly at Algeria.

Let's face it: Climate change was made up by scientists who absolutely *never got laid in high school or the eight-plus ridiculous years they spent wasting taxpayer money to get through college and grad school,* just to punish the successful, alpha-type businessmen who have always gotten laid, by whatever girls they wanted, just by walking up to them and grabbing a fresh handful of Krugerrand-quality squack whenever they felt like it.

Global warming is a myth, just like Bigfoot, the Holocaust, Pokémon, and the female orgasm. Scientists shouldn't waste any more time tearing their thinning, unswirlable hair out over polar bears floating aimlessly toward the horizon on melting slabs of ice—America is making new polar bears, and they're going to be way better than the old ones. Besides, in the best hotels, ice is *free*.

As for water? Come on now. Since the invention of the earthenware jug, only raccoons and fugitives ever drink directly from creeks. The poly-gendered tent-hippies, seditionist Indians, and trash-eating freegan-punks trying to obstruct fruitful oil pipelines by frostbiting themselves into lavish emergency rooms are layabouts too stoned to remember to pay their water bills.

Let the eco-Muslims, lesbian tree-yetis, and French armpit-fetishists whine themselves half to death into bullhorns over little tiny chunks of frozen underground land too deep to be in the same time zone as they are—but let all filthy protestors threatening to steal the potential future prosperity of the pipelines under our America heed this warning: If blizzards, AIDS, malnutrition, or mysterious new antibiotic-proof viruses percolating in their squalor aren't sufficient to kill them, the National Guard will be happy to do it as part of their mandate to defend the constitutionally protected alpha-personhood of all global corporations, regardless of their heritage, and their right to lay their pipe wheresoever they may benefit themselves (and by extension, the American people).

This fringe element of so-called "Native Americans" needs to stop boo-hoo-hooing about their so-called "spiritual connection to the earth" and go back to the casinos where they came from. Mother Nature has remarried, and has better-looking children and bigger fish to fry now, Tonto. Be a big brave boy and we'll give you a handful of free-drink tickets, and maybe even some new warm blankets for you and your shivering protest-pals.

RACE RELATIONS: WHATCHU TALKIN' BOUT, WILLIS?

This whole hullaballoo about Black Lives Mattering and whatnot really isn't about entrenched poverty or systematic racism.

What is it really about?

It's *about time* that black people stopped being so grouchy and complain-y and illegal drug-smoky and started behaving in the ways that great black people did back when America was great. For outrageously untrue reasons cooked up by liars at liberal universities run by overweight lesbian communists hell-bent on fist-bumping nonsense moon-man words like "diversity" into the English language, black people don't do the great things they excel at anymore, because they think these activities and professions make them look too *stereotypically black* (which is ridiculous, since they're

obviously *already black* and being stereotyped *all the time.* Where do they think stereotypes come from?)

Here's hoping that black people will be incentivized to find jobs in fields that align with their God-given talents—and by those we mean jazz, frantic dancing, heavy-lifting, barbecue grilling, making buttermilk pancakes for white children whose parents are too successful to love them, Olympic track and field events, organized sports involving a ball (excluding polo and water polo), composing the front lines of the infantry on battlefields, singing sad old spiritual music, making hilarious faces when they think they are being attacked by ghosts…and of course pornography, in print or otherwise, for huge and obvious reasons.

In summary: Black Americans already have all the tools they need for successful lives as marginalized minorities, sitting right at their disposal. They just don't want to use them, because they're either really angry guys who didn't have dads because their mothers didn't keep it tight, or, as Newt Gingrich enjoys pointing out, "welfare queens" are too busy collecting Cadillacs and trying to be blonde, or creating a liberal media conspiracy by insisting that cops keep shooting them.

Meanwhile, already clean, articulate, and successful black assets to America like Jay-Z, Kanye West, professional athletes like Steph Curry, and other rap artists and stand-up comedians whose bizarre, vanity-license-plate-like names nobody can remember, will still be allowed and encouraged to thrive in their chosen professions despite their inferior skull-shapes (which, given all the outstanding technological advances happening in plastic surgery, motivated blacks will probably be able to fix eventually anyway…that is, if they are motivated enough to spend their entitlement blood-monies on *self-improvement* instead of large gold letters of the alphabet and midi-length NBA jerseys.)

Race relation issues solved? O-tay, Buh-wheet!

(RIP Buckwheat, one of the great black Americans.)

¡GREAT WALLS OF MÉXICO!

Olé!

Eisenhower called it "Project Wetback."

We think of it more like asbestos removal.

This concept shouldn't even be on the menu as something "racist," because as any casino or hotel owner (like our POTUS) knows, the main businesses that will be hurt by deporting Mexicans are casinos and hotels, who rely almost exclusively on undocumented Mexican staff-workers to hand-scrub vomit out of all the infinite fibers of literal *miles* of low-pile indoor-outdoor carpeting with squiggly French-looking patterns that covers casino gaming floors, and otherwise prosecute a veritable nonstop bacterial war against an unrelenting siege of unthinkably horrific laundry stains by stirring massive loads of contaminated linens into gigantic steaming vats of weapons-grade bleach (the fumes of which alone can kill most white people, if we breathe normally near them) for unthinkably low wages and without benefits (that dignified Mexicans are too proud to accept in the first place).

In the New Great Old America that we're making (again), we hope to close the impending Mexican labor gap by aggressively promoting new legislation that will make prostitutes legally accountable for restoring all the towels, sheets, upholstery, leather, velour, Egyptian cotton bathrobes, and so on—in short, any absorbent surfaces onto which their activity triggered the emission of bodily fluids—to the sanitary specifications of the owners of the hotel rooms, cars, or private sex-planes in which they did business.

It's high time that prostitutes started taking responsibility for their own disgusting behaviors in a way that will benefit their own

PHOTO: HONGLOUWAWA

WAYS THE REST OF THE WORLD CAN ESCAPE THE TRUMP PRESIDENCY

While California considers such radical strategies as secession with the CALEXIT movement, facing the specter of our next American president, we at *Penthouse* thought it might be kind to provide a list of other international alternatives to going down with the Good Ship America as our POTUS relentlessly and heedlessly pursues the mythical Leviathan of his own outrageous Will to Power.

GO RED, YOUNG MAN

While socialist/communist lifestyles may not appear as lavish as those of the West, more anally retentive, submissive, and/or "beta" Americans may consider seeking political asylum in the incredibly organized social structures of unspoiled South Korea. Or, since our POTUS has already pledged to defend Taiwan, perhaps consider a preemptive migration to China, the holder of the Sovereign Wealth Funds that have been keeping America from living in its car since the Bush administration.

Also, now that Fidel Castro is officially dead, Cuba is free to finally fulfill its destiny of being America's new criminal waste dump, like Australia was for the British. Git mo' at CLUB GITMO, for your last Yankee dollah!

PROS: World-class music; gymnastics.

CONS: No upward mobility or freedom of speech whatsoever; pervasive and sometimes fatal witchcraft.

MADAGASCAR, THE LAST HOLDOUT OF CIVILIZATION

If it's human rights you're worried about...crazy little Madagascar's religious, sexual, and ethnic minorities are protected under their own constitution!

This quirky country is signatory to a number of international human rights agreements that even America doesn't believe its citizenry deserves.

PROS: Beautiful natural habitats, parks, lemurs.

CONS: Terrible economy, but, you can always eat your fill of Madagascar's aromatic vanilla, cloves, and ylang-ylang.

THE MAGIC OF CRYOGENICS

Soon, it may never be too late to be a snowflake baby!

New advances in the freezing of living tissue are already being implemented to slow the bleeding of gunshot victims. It may also be possible in the near future to stanch your own financial hemorrhaging by "freezing" your bank accounts and credit lines, provided you are able to give medical proof that you, too, are currently enjoying completely suspended

organ functions and have a blood temperature of under 50 degrees Fahrenheit. We'll wake you when the economy improves! (Provided the dollar doesn't swan-dive like the peso and you defrost due to lack of recurring payments.)

PROS: Everyone you know will be dead when you wake up.

CONS: Everyone you know will be dead when you wake up.

VIRTUAL REALITY vs. REALITY 2.0

Now that the whole notion of a shared reality has become irrelevant, why not dissolve entirely into your own? Even America's endangered sexual deviant population can achieve the gilded funhouse lifestyle of the new POTUS. You may choose to devote yourself entirely to a pink-marble bathhouse where you can pleasure yourself endlessly into a plush mitt capable of "transforming" into virtually any creature, shape, or form your heart desires. You can't get "outed" if you never leave your room!

PROS: Plushies and Furries will never have to worry about poor orifice construction in their mascot suits; no need to go through voluntary Christian "reprogramming" to cure yourself of homosexual tendencies (like Mike Pence).

CONS: Checking back into the world, "IRL," may be traumatic; could require intravenous feeding, genital repair.

IF YOU WERE A MOLE PERSON, YOU'D BE HOME BY NOW

Women worried about upticks in lookist-based sexism may be delighted to learn that underground living is now an intergenerational way of life for the mutant beings living in the disused tunnels beneath New York's existing subway system.

PROS: No more light or heating bills; a class-free, post-race society where nobody judges your employment suitability by your cup size.

CONS: No more light or heat whatsoever, apart from luminous mushrooms and the shared body temperature of your fellow moles, which, after the initial olfactory shock, may not be that unpleasant, since you won't be able to see their craniofacial deformities, sucking wounds, or amphibian scales.

INCARCERATION

Long recognized as one of the best ways to avoid a targeted assassination, a life behind bars can now offer hackers, dissidents, journalists, playwrights, and intellectuals the same safety it has long been providing members of the African-American community worried about being surgically drone-targeted in the interest of National Security. Make new friends, pump some iron—even achieve an *Altered States*-style spiritual transcendence in our soon-to-be-built Edward Snowden sensory deprivation chambers. Nirvana awaits in a cellblock near you!

PROS: You won't ever be able to vote again.

CONS: You won't ever be able to vote again.

workplaces. To paraphrase another great American presidential sex addict, John F. Kennedy: "Ask not what your hotel owner can do for you, but what your prostitutes can do for hotel owners."

Also, whores should be forced to mow lawns. It's the least of the apologetic gestures they will be required to start making toward your wives. Gardening is therapeutic, which is why we mustn't persist in our decades-long habit of letting our yard work languish in the calloused hands of potential Mexican terrorists.

Wretched refuse from other teeming shores are encouraged to renounce their American citizenry and check themselves out via Ellis Island, if they can summon up the gusto and fortitude to hike up their colorful ponchos and play their bamboo panpipes in subway stations long enough to afford the tourist ferry.

DRUGS: LEGAL AS LONG AS YOU DO THEM IN YOUR OWN PLANE

If this sounds classist and unfair, consider that literally anyone can build a raft, paddle it out to international waters, and engage in all of the casual drug use they want.

But hey: How about that Air Force One? Now, *that's* a sex-plane. Way better than that purple thing Snoop Dogg used to fly before his tragic brainwashing at the hands of crypto-Jamaican insurgents.

EDUCATION: WHAT FOR?

Let the whining, werewolf-legged, Marxist gender-vandals and impotent, overeducated, Jewishly long-fingered PhDs in their ivory towers worry about inane "facts" like calculus, the so-called "social sciences," and oxymorons like "critical thinking." Smarter, less educated people know that the "truth"—like the aliens—is Out There, and America gets to decide what it looks like…and the rest of the world, as they have always done, will absolutely love us for it and buy T-shirts honoring it.

Besides, you can't really trust any information anymore. Between the fake news stories on Facebook that earned us this Great President, the Russians and the Chinese hacking into your iPhone to watch you go to the bathroom, the very real threat of robotic vampires, and the corrosive effects of a liberal majority of fat, shrieking, bitter old women going apeshit and threatening to abuse pain medications and saw superficially at their wrists with kitchen knives because men like us are constitutionally incapable of being attracted to them. Well, America has enough problems. It can deal with its trust issues later. Right now, it should sit down, take a deep breath, and do exactly what we're doing: masturbate into a printed magazine, the way Jesus might have done today if the Jews hadn't hung him up to dry like a big stack of wet money.

Well, Jesus might not…but we shouldn't hold this against him.

The late *Penthouse* founder and publisher Bob Guccione knew Jesus Christ personally, and we can tell you: Jesus was no Donald Trump.

(We're not suggesting Jesus was gay, but he definitely never got married…and he certainly didn't have a wife who was hot enough for this magazine.)

Eight years from now, who knows?

Nobody in the liberal vulture-media fucks with your hairstyle when it's under a pope hat. That's all we're saying.

Now sit back, gentlemen, and let's punish all these hot, glossy young pussies to smithereens. We paid for them. He's the Commander in Chief now. Make them all beg for a good presidential dick-slapping. It's exactly what they've always dreamed of.

Us?

They salute you, Us, because they're very, very afraid of what we're going to do next.

We are in control now.

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FORUM REJECTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JASON JOHNSON

THE BEST OF THE WORST FROM *PENTHOUSE* LETTERS

DEAR *Penthouse,*

Finding the right girl in Los Angeles is tough. I make a point of not dating anyone at work, so that's out; I won't date anyone who lives at my apartment complex for obvious reasons; and I'm kind of over the whole online thing because most of the girls I meet are just looking for a free dinner. So I was over the moon when I found Paulina.

I met her at a Lakers game, and we hit it off immediately. It was one of Kobe's last home games, so the crowd was boisterous even though the team was falling apart. The beer was flowing, and apparently Paulina had a thing for my signature brand of heckling and shit-talking. Yep, I pay good money to be an obnoxious fuck at sporting events. We exchanged numbers and made a plan to meet up.

That Sunday, she met me at my place. It was hot in the Valley, and Paulina was dressed for the weather—her long black hair was braided in pigtails, and she wore a short sundress that showed off her creamy mocha thighs and her high, round, jiggly ass, and flaunted just enough side-boob to make it difficult to focus on much of anything else.

I jumped in her car and we cruised down to the beach. It was jam-packed, so we had to walk a bit before we found our destination—a divey cantina with two-for-one drink specials all day. We cozied up at a shaded table on the patio and settled in for a late lunch, some good conversation, and people watching.

Two drinks turned into four. Four drinks turned into shots, and lunch turned into dinner as we both got lost in conversation. Hot and interesting? Day drinker? I felt like I'd hit the mother lode. What I failed to realize is that I'd hit my limit…and hurtled right past it. I also didn't realize that I was outpacing her. I was a slurry, bleary-eyed, jovial mess…and by 8 P.M. it was time for me to go.

I don't remember paying the tab (but I did), I don't remember leaving my phone and wallet on the table (but I did that, too), and I sure-as-shit don't remember walking back to her car…but there we were…sitting in the front seat…on the top level of the parking structure…engine idling…with all of that wonderful side-boob.

I kissed her. She kissed me back. I touched her. She touched me back. We clumsily climbed over the front seats and stretched out in the back. Somehow, I had her dress and panties off in a flash. I had a lot more trouble with my own gear. I was on my back and she was straddling me…I undid my pants and shimmied them down just past my knees. I tried to get my shirt off, but the angle I was lying at and the tight quarters of her car made that impossible. I abandoned the mission and focused on her wonderful thighs.

With a hand on each, I gently guided her onto my dick and watched it slowly disappear into her landing-stripped honey pocket. She eased herself down on top of me until my rod was completely engulfed. Her silky, pulsing walls were more than I could handle.

"Don't move!" I slurred as she rocked her hips in slow, deliberate circles.

"You like that, baby?" she whispered coyly.

"Please. Don't. Mo…aw fuck. I'm gonna come," I whimpered.

She looked at me bewildered. We hadn't even started yet and I'm ready to blow. In one smooth, quick motion, she dismounted. My wet dick slapped onto my stomach, as warm spurts discharged onto my belly, shirt, and chin. And apparently, I shot out my last bit of consciousness as well, because try as she did, Paulina was unable to wake me.

The next thing I knew, Paulina is hovering over me and shaking me…the dome light of her car lasering holes into my eyes. She drove me home…passed out in the backseat…with the mess still on my shirt…and my pants still around my knees. I pulled myself together as best I could, tumbled out of her car, and lurched back to my apartment. No wallet. No phone. No dignity.

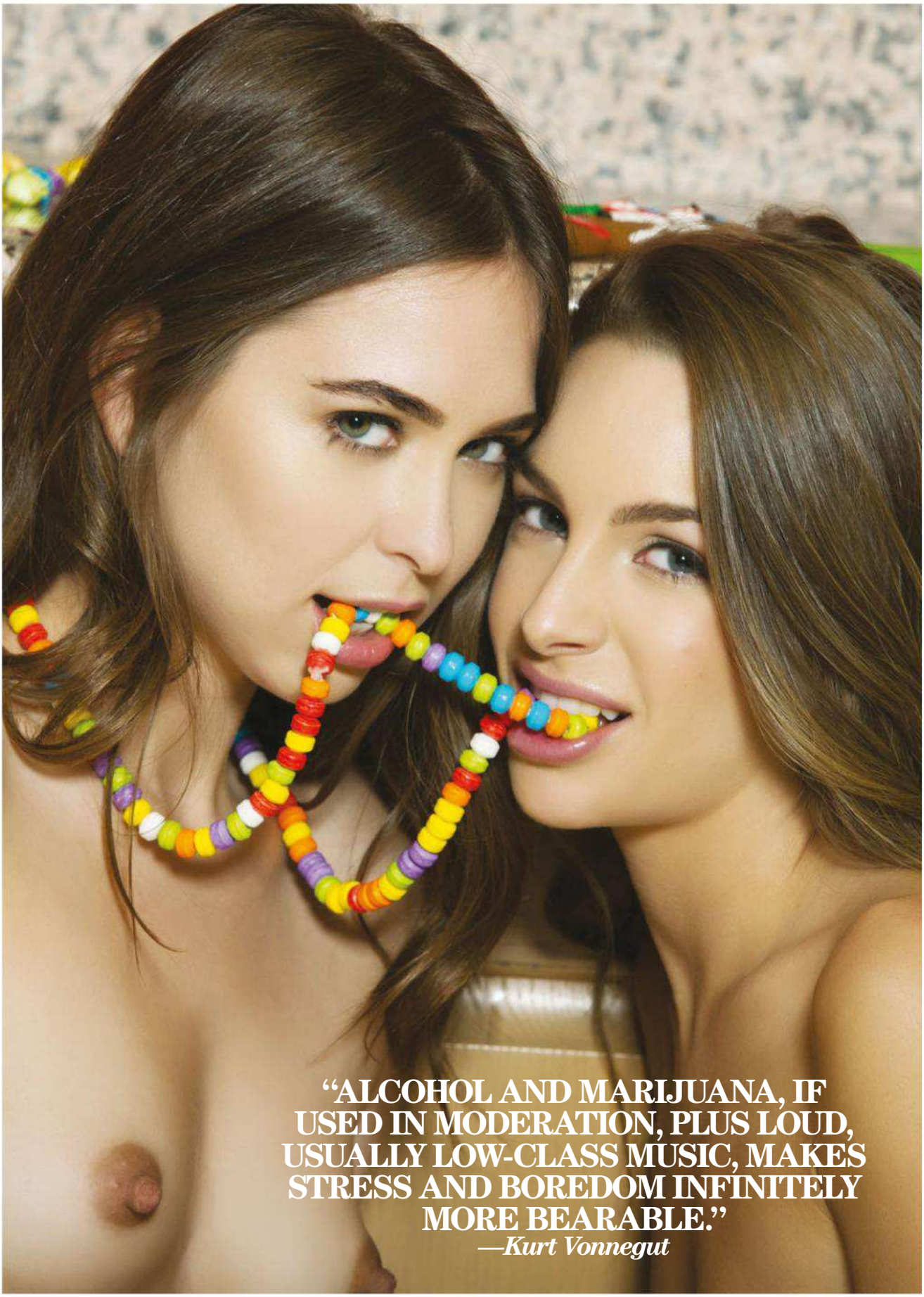
—Vic G., Sylmar, California

BEST BUDS

Riley Reid and Kimmy Granger get all toasty together, because what's better than sharing a little herb with a special friend? Let's celebrate these modern-day heroes as they choke on the sweet air of freedom and boldly blaze a path for friendship everywhere.

Photography: Tammy Sands

"WHEN YOU SMOKE THE HERB, IT REVEALS YOU TO YOURSELF."
—Bob Marley



"ALCOHOL AND MARIJUANA, IF USED IN MODERATION, PLUS LOUD, USUALLY LOW-CLASS MUSIC, MAKES STRESS AND BOREDOM INFINITELY MORE BEARABLE."
—Kurt Vonnegut

"I SMOKED POT IN COLLEGE, AND IN THE ARMY."
—Al Gore

"OF COURSE I KNOW HOW TO ROLL A JOINT."
—Martha Stewart

SEE MORE OF RILEY AND KIMMY
AT PENTHOUSE.COM

must love nuts
RIPNDIP

HOT LINES

BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

CANYON YODELER

Is it crazy that I would rather orally please a female than have her please me? I'm satisfied as long as she is, without even taking my clothes off. I've made four ladies squirt for the very first time and two of them passed out after orgasm. I just love it. Am I normal or strange?

Impressive is what you are. Wow. You sound like the man of my dreams. But here's the paradox of being a giver: It actually *is* selfish because what you are doing is withholding yourself from your partner. And the reason you are giving is because you get pleasure out of it, so you are actually TAKING. Don't get me wrong, it's great that you can make girls squirt and you love going down. And you have chicks passing out? Amazing. But we like getting fucked. We need dick along with oral. Ya know?

Is it possible you have some intimacy issues? Maybe you don't feel like you deserve pleasure? Sex itself is supposed to be give-and-take. It's a collaboration. I think you should continue to be an amazing pussy pleaser but also get some balance going and let your woman please you, too. Lay back and let her give you a wet sloppy bj. You deserve it!

DON'T BE A DICK

I'm very well-endowed and I want to use this as an advantage to pick up strippers. I would guess strippers are more concerned with how well-endowed your bank account is, not your dick. But I still think every woman, stripper or not, can appreciate a large penis. What is something that your ex-boyfriend or lover has done to make you wet?

When I am extremely in love with someone, just hugging them makes me wet. This is very rare, however, because it's rare that I am in love. But I have been in such deep, passionate love that just being in the same room as my love will get me soaking. I like when a lover is confident and open—that's a major turn-on. I have some great advice for men wanting to get their girls wet… TRY NOT BEING IDIOT ASSHOLES! That really works, too.

FAT CHANCE

I'm an overweight dude who has trouble with the ladies. I'm a pretty confident and funny dude. When I talk to women, it feels like I'm making progress until I try and make a move and get rejected. I feel like I'm missing something.

My first thought is (and I hope this doesn't offend) maybe work on the weight issue. Not because you will get more pussy but because you will feel better physically and mentally. I'm not saying become a bodybuilder but go to the gym and try to eat a balanced diet. We know the consequences of being overweight and they are dangerous. So that's my first piece of advice—which I mean with good intentions, not judgment.

It sounds like these girls are "friend-zoning" you…and you need to get the fuck out of the friend zone! You need to find horny bitches that are DTF. They are out there. Trust. Find yourself a FREAK. Go on a dating app and go nuts. You say you are confident and funny. Those traits are very attractive to women. Seductive. I've been attracted to guys with some extra weight on them because of their confidence and sense of humor. I think you're just picking the wrong chicks. Hone your senses a little more. Find a girl that is vibing with you and wants you to put the moves on her. Good luck!

GIGGLESTICK

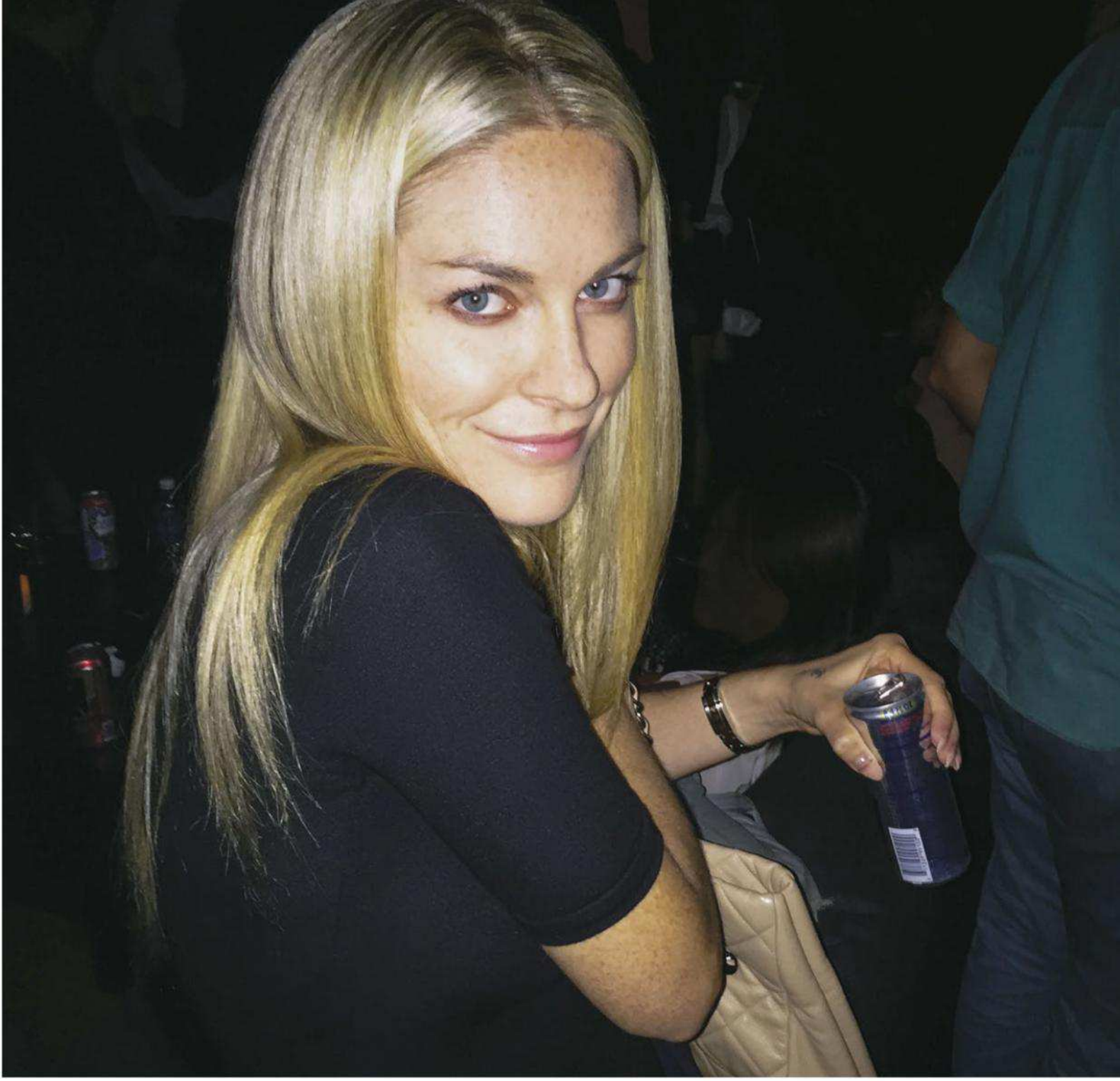
What do you do when no matter who or what you fuck, there is the one guy out there that no one else can compare to? It's been years, and no one can do it like he did. No one else can unleash the monster I have inside me, let alone satisfy it. All I have left are the memories of the great fucks we had, and to masturbate to them.

Oh fuck, girl, I feel your pain. It's so hard when you get that bomb-ass D and the search for a replacement leaves you yearning for that old D back. Can you find someone who is trainable? Maybe you have to find the chemistry first, and the bomb D will follow. I was in total dick prison for four long years with someone who I didn't even like. But the D was so good I couldn't shake him. Finally he pissed me off enough that I ghosted him and accepted the fact that I would just have to live sexually unsatisfied for a while. And I did. But then I fell in love with someone! And while his D game was nowhere near the other guy's, I was so in love that I was willing to calm my inner nympho down a bit…but I also taught him a few tricks. So, try your best to keep the old D out of your mind—train your brain to think of something else, and start to manifest a new dude. Look at the moon and say, "Universe, please send me some new dick. I'm ready." It works.

COMING HOME

I'm a 24-year-old female, and I've been dating my guy for two years. He's a loving partner, my best friend, and he's growing in his role as a serious boyfriend. He's never cheated on me, but he has lied. We've broken up twice because of his lies, but he's come back to me each time. He's in the process of buying a house, and he really wants me to move in with him. He says that I'm his future, but I'm apprehensive because I know that men are bound to disappoint. Should I take this leap of faith and move in, or should I wait?

I'm not sure what he lied about, but it must have been pretty serious for you to break up with him. I do believe in second chances (and third chances sometimes) depending on the situation. No one is perfect, people make mistakes, and people can change. With



men, I feel like it's all about timing. When they are ready to commit, they commit. Women instinctually are ready to commit when they meet the right guy, but with men it's more about when you meet them. Sounds like your guy is ready now. What about the house he's buying? Will you be contributing with rent? If you are, then you are helping pay a mortgage on a house that is in his name only. Just keep that in mind.

Yes, men are bound to disappoint, but that's because *everyone* is bound to disappoint. But we can't let that stop us from loving people or we would be missing out on some amazing stuff. I am a leap-of-faith person. I say give it a go and dive in. Just make sure you put some money aside in case you need to move out and find an apartment real quick.

SEX IS SUPPOSED TO BE GIVE-AND-TAKE. A COLLABORATION. LAY BACK AND LET HER GIVE YOU A WET SLOPPY BJ.

Budget Has
Rough Path

PHOTO: EVERETT COLLECTION / SHUTTERSTOCK.COM

NOW WHAT?

BY MATT GALLAGHER

THE stench of star-spangled vomit lingers while the national hangover only now settles in. Whatever the hell it was that happened November 8–liberal 9/11, Republican VE Day, whitelash, demagoguery–we'll be living with the consequences for a long time. No amount of painkillers and greasy food will quell it. The most cynical of impulses and ideas may be most directly implicated in what happened, but we all did this to the American body politic. Shamed, thrilled, and indifferent alike, we are all culpable.

You knowing readers are on the other side of 2017, and Trumpian America has begun in earnest. I'm writing this in late 2016 (production turnover time, you dig) and the country's still coming to terms with the change.

I did not vote for Trump. My candidate lost when (like a lot of suckers) I thought for sure she'd win. WHOOPS. Election night was a strange, surreal few hours–descriptions my Trump-voting friends also use in between their messages of gloating and offers to send me a fascist red baseball cap.

We're all trying to do our part to keep the dialogue going. For the sake of the American republic, if nothing else.

One parent who lived through the sixties said it'd been worse then, in terms of national disunity. The other parent said no, this is much worse. Both emphasized resolve, but also empathy. They'd lived through an era of Us against Them. Maybe it's always Us against Them, true enough, but so much of the American experiment relies on the idea that it's not. Even if that idea is nothing but pretense.

Is clinging to that idea and pretense in Trumpian America only the pursuit of a fool? Definitely maybe. But there are worse fates than the fool's.

MILITARY VETERANS VOTED FOR TRUMP AT ABOUT A 2:1 RATIO. AND LIKE IT OR NOT, HE'S THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF NOW.

As for the military and veterans communities: That we as a whole tend to vote Republican ain't news, but I'd always ascribed that more to cultural backgrounds than set worldviews. Our formative years and social DNA stir within us all, even when—especially when?—we vote. But in 2016, after Trump bragged about not serving, after he'd slandered POWs, after he'd mocked generals and insulted a Gold Star family just for kicks, I really thought that might change. Honorable military service is supposed to be a sacred cow, and Trump had spat on that sacred cow and then melded it into a golden toilet for his own personal use.

I couldn't have been more wrong. Military veterans voted for Trump at about a 2:1 ratio. And like it or not, he's the commander in chief now. He'll be my president. He'll be your president. He'll be our president. That's how this damn thing works.

Maybe I've been living in soft hipster Brooklyn too long. Maybe the kid from Reno has lost touch with REAL heartland values (crippling addiction to meth not included). Maybe vets are just as full of shit as anyone else, but for the life of me I couldn't understand how or why our service members and veterans voted for the draft-dodging, Putin-slurping, stubby-fingering, doublespeaking, racebaiting, richie-riching, hate-mongering, goofy-suiting, bankrupting, tax-evading, pussy-grabbing Lord of the Heel Spur.

So I asked.

Anecdotal data alert! I polled thirty Iraq and Afghanistan vets—some friends still in the military, some former soldiers I served with, some acquaintances I've crossed paths with over the years at various camo gatherings. It came in at about a third for Trump, a third for Hillary, and a third for Gary Johnson/none of the above. Keep in mind that A) this hardly counts as a scientific poll and B) the vets sampled here don't represent the wider 2:1 ratio mentioned above. They're younger, for one, as the "average" American vet is much older than our generation. Still, I received some interesting responses worth sharing.

"I just thought the country needed a change," wrote an Army E-6 who's seen three combat tours and is approaching retirement. "The Donald's a fucking blowhard, don't get me wrong, but he's different. He's no typical politician. And I liked what he had to say about (improving American) infrastructure."

"It was Hillary," an active Marine captain wrote. "She's corrupt. I'd vote for bin Laden before her. And Al Qaeda tried to kill me. Twice."

The anti-Hillary sentiment came out time and time again. "If I'd done what she did (with the private server/emails) I'd be locked up at Leavenworth," complained a former Army corporal. But not everyone agreed, particularly non-white male vets.

"I'm heartsick," a current Navy lieutenant commander said to me. "As a woman of color, with some of the things Trump said while campaigning…it's not that he'll be my boss. That's part of the military, following orders from people we might not agree with. But that my country heard all that hate and craziness and *still* voted him in…."

But it wasn't just minorities who voted for Hillary. "I'm a crusty old white dude, drive a pickup, own thirty guns, as redneck as they come and proud of it," a retired Army first sergeant wrote me. "But America's like the Army—we're at our best when we're together. We're at our worst when we're divided. Fuck Trump."

After an election as messy and ugly as this one was, can the country come together again? Or are we doomed to perennial Red State vs. Blue State, middle America vs. coastal America, country vs. city, headed for a Rome-like implosion as too many historians and social scientists are beginning to compellingly argue?

Hell if I know. I just work here.

Something I do know, though: America's been through tougher times. Made better from it, too.

The Union forever. Hurrah boys, hurrah. No political leader should change that. No political leader can.

PHOTO: VECTOR_BROTHERS / SHUTTERSTOCK.COM

libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.

Drink Sexy!

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EVOXE LABORATORIES

BY RAPHIE ARONOWITZ

I NEVER really liked weed. I know, I know—I'm a failure as a human. In my experience, most people smoke and get some type of stoner power: enhanced focus, a nice little buzz, clarity. Me? I get high and second-guess every decision I've ever made since the beginning of time. The phone would ring and I'd hide in the closet. A knock at the door was for sure the cops or some other type of ominous authority coming for me. And ordering food for delivery? Fucking stressful.

But I should like being high. I want to like being high.

I like the way it looks and I love the way it smells. I enjoy indoor and outdoor stoner activities, plus, I'm a big fan of doing recreational drugs in general. Couple that with my day-to-day reality that I much prefer to escape, and I *should* make a top-notch space cowboy. Instead, smoking trees somehow unlocks my inner Woody Allen, as shame, paranoia, and generations of debilitating Jewish guilt bubble to the surface of my already fragile consciousness.

SMOKING TREES UNLOCKS MY INNER WOODY ALLEN, AS SHAME, PARANOIA, AND GENERATIONS OF DEBILITATING JEWISH GUILT BUBBLE TO THE SURFACE.

So when Evoxe Laboratories sent me their assemblage of THC-laden vape pens brandished with clever emo buzzwords like "Deep" and "Balance" and "Engage," I was skeptical at best. But, because I am a super serious journalism guy, I felt it was my duty—nay—it was my *obligation* to take them out for a test-drive. And since I have such a difficult time keeping my shit together when I'm baked, I decided to make things interesting and see if I could muddle through a workweek while getting high morning, noon, and night.

I started off easy *(cough!—pussy—cough!)* with the pen called Balance—all CBD, no THC, and laced with a bunch of other essential oils like frankincense, ylang-ylang, tangerine, and geranium. This shit was miraculous! I had a clear head, a cool body tingle, and the pain in my knee vanished. Dare I say I felt balanced. I was genuinely impressed.

What I soon came to realize is that Evoxe is a company that takes great care in their sourcing, production, and naming conventions—and its products are accurately labeled according to their very real effects. The sativa-based Engage is the jam. With a blast of peppermint, lime, cinnamon, and cypress, this little marijuana marvel kept me alert, focused, and hyped at work. No munchies, no anxiety, and no fog. Just a sweet, sweet buzz and a heightened sense of focus that I hadn't felt since I raided my friend Brian's medicine cabinet and stole all of his Adderall.

Then one morning I foolishly decided to kick off my day with Deep, the indica monster spiked with lavender, chamomile, and orange, which took me to a whole new level of chill. I immediately relaxed, melted into my chair, and couldn't focus on a goddamn thing except the random daydreams that swirled in my head.

Everything was fine until stupid Wendy from accounting popped into my office to discuss invoices. And while Wendy is really nice to look at, I couldn't wait for her to get the fuck out of my happy place so I could enjoy my sleepy buzz in peace. She either couldn't take the hint or I wasn't very good at *willing* her away, because she was grilling me about some of my more suspect purchases for what felt like hours. Like ordering a gallon of mustard and a Super Soaker even needs an explanation. We work at *Penthouse,* for fuck's sake.

Evoxe Laboratories $40 to $50 Evoxelabs.com

Disclaimer: All THC products were happily abused in the great state of California. This article is not intended to promote or condone any illegal activities. We also like pancakes. Not relevant, but delicious.

HIGH MAINTENANCE

By Mish Barber-Way

DEPENDING on which orifice is ingesting the pot, I can take either a lethal amount or the dose you would deem appropriate for your goldfish. For example, when I use Foria's Explore, an anal suppository containing 60mg of THC and 10mg of cannabidoil (CBD), I will pop two into my butt and feel at the top of my game. Now, if I ate 120mg of THC in a chocolate bar, I would be folded over like a lawn chair, tripping out on how awful I was as a teenager and regretting about 70 percent of my life—but I digress.

Thankfully, the days of struggling to roll a joint are over—now you can eat weed candy, drink weed cocktails, and lubricate with weed oil. Here our some of our picks, but remember that many of these products are only available in states where marijuana is legal.

A

B

C

D

E

A / MONK DRINKING BOTANICALS

This one hooked me because of the packaging. The most girly thing about me, besides my boobs and vagina, is that I am a sucker for potions in tiny glass bottles. Monk Drinking Botanicals is a California brand that creates healthy cannabis beverages that even your mom would enjoy. Sipping allows you to control your intake, while the flavors are so delicious you won't even taste the weed. Each of the five flavor profiles is branded like Chanel perfume. No. 017 contains grapefruit, cinnamon bark, and cayenne with a sativa strain, while No. 028 mixes turmeric, lemon, and ginger with an indica blend. With 10mg of both THC and CBD in each drink, these babies will leave you pleasantly stoned. **monkprovisions.com**

B / KIVA CONFECTIONS

There's a reason these chocolate treats are in every dispensary in Southern California: they are super potent and even more delicious. Yesterday, I ate a stoner's bite while working at my desk and forgot how much THC was actually going into my body. After realizing I had downed about 30mg of THC, I had to go make myself vomit before the medicine set in. It was probably the only time a non-bulimic purged on delicious drug-filled chocolate. Seeing as how this company is all about quality in both the treat and the cannabis, I'll NEVER puke up a piece again. **kivaconfections.com**

C / DEVIANT DABS

Did you ever do "hot knives" in high school? Dabbing is the sophisticated version of that. It's for cannabis vets. Deviant Dabs' whole theory is that if you're going to be into the heavy stuff, you better be inhaling top-shelf, Martha Stewart-quality concentrates. The brand cultivates an artisanal line of lab-tested wax, shatter, and rosin from their various flower farms in Mendocino County. It's about as farm-to-table as you can get on Planet Dabs. **thedab.com**

D / TREATWELL 3:1 CBD:THC TINCTURE

San Francisco's TreatWell makes reasonably priced tinctures that can be added to food and drinks, or just ingested straight out the squeeze tube. They rigorously lab test all their products to make sure their customers get the cleanest healing possible. While I highly recommend their THCA Tincture for your elderly aunt with a broken shoulder, their 3:1 CBD:THC Tincture is the jam. While most CBD products are disguised in grape seed oil (gross), TreatWell uses food-grade coconut oil so delicious I actually started to crave the taste of the tincture. The 3:1 is the perfect ratio to kill any muscle pains and give your head a sweet, calming buzz. **treatwellhealth.com**

E / FORIA EXPLORE

Recently, Foria came out with an anal suppository aptly named Explore. Originally, this jojoba oil-based sex tool was intended to help the body relax during anal play, but Foria found that test patients were reporting Explore helped with their lower back pain, chronic sciatica, and even hemorrhoids. I will pop two when I want to relieve muscle tension and float like I'm on Valium. Rectal absorption rates are second to

mainline injection at 50 to 70 percent, but does not allow the medicine to cross the blood-brain barrier. Once I got comfortable with sticking weed up my asshole, I never looked back. **foriapleasure.com**

F / MRS. EXCELLENCE MIDNIGHT VANILLA CBD OIL

Ever since I read that CBD can help cure psoriasis, I was on the hunt for the right CBD balm to fix up my skin. One dispensary recommended Mrs. Excellence, and after only a week of testing it out, I saw results. My skin was clear, itch-free, and starting to look good again. I love to use this oil for burns, cuts, and general skin care. Plus, it smells amazing. This might be the perfect product to keep your girlfriend's complexion healthy and shimmering. **mrsexcellence.com**

G / APOTHECANNA EVERYDAY FACE OIL

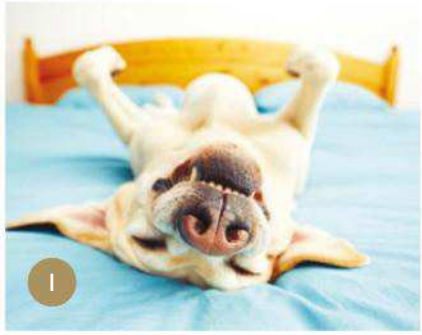
I always say you should loosen the purse strings for three essential products: shoes, jeans, and skin care. Wash your face with cheap synthetic products, and your skin will turn to pleather. Apothecanna's Everyday Face Oil is a THC-infused avocado oil with organic essential oils like geranium, cedar, and sweet orange. It's intensely moisturizing, lightweight, and ultra-hydrating. It's the perfect bathroom product for both you and her. **apothecanna.com**

H / GUILD EXTRACTS PURE CBD or THCa CRYSTALLINE

Guild Extracts are a collective of extraction artists who create award-winning, medical-grade cannabis products in the wildest forms. My favorite is Pure CBD Crystalline. Guild Extracts reports a 99 to 100 percent potency and I concur. Though I am much too frigid to dab the stuff, a sprinkle of Guild Crystalline onto the tongue is the best mood stabilizer nature can offer. **guildextracts.com**

I / LOVE GRASS

Love Grass is a California company that specializes in non-psychoactive cannabis formulas for both dogs and cats. This magical stuff has helped rid dogs of tumors and given cats a tenth life after being diagnosed with thyroid dysfunction. I gave some to my mother's chocolate lab who was petrified of going down stairs. Now, he struts them like a champ. **lovegrass.love**



J / ALTAI SEA SALT CARAMEL BON BONS

It's no shocker these delectable little bon bons took the bronze medal for Best Edible at the 2015 World Cannabis Cup. The bronze is a big deal considering the amount of chocolate, Weetos, hard candies, and gummies that are out there laced with cannabis. The biggest mistake most edible companies make is just slapping cannabinoids on like a layer of paint. Altai takes it to the next level, swirling 25mg of THC into one perfect little bite that gets you just the right amount of high. **altaibrands.com**

K / GENIUS PIPE

This sleek, thin pipe can be stowed away discretely into your pocket or bag without so much as a whiff of weed. It's shaped more like an iPod nano than a pipe and holds up to ten hits in one little bowl. Slide the top down to extinguish the flame and tuck it back in your pocket. Every girl in a flower crown will be begging her boyfriend for a Genius Pipe to pack for Coachella. **geniuspipe.com**

L / BHANG HEMP PRODUCTS THC and CBD MOUTH SPRAY

When I discovered Bhang Hemp's fresh mint spray, I was off gum in a flash. Three spritzes under the tongue and my breath is minty fresh and my nerves calmed. If you're like me, I suggest the 350mg Pure CBD spray, but if you want a head high with your mint then go for the 300mg THC spray. Each spritz packs 2.5mg of medicine. **gotbhang.com**

M / SIMLEAF

simLeaf is an educational (but gamelike) app for the aspiring weed farmer, or the curious mind that wants to understand the process of growing da ganj. Choose from sativa, indica, or hybrid seed packs; once the grow begins, move into a high-res 3D grow room where you manage temperature, humidity, water and pH levels, and lighting. Once you've grown a healthy plant, you can step up into crossbreeding. **simleaf.com**

UBER RIDE

I'M your typical 28-year-old small-town skinny rocker dude with long hair and a big dick living the California dream in North Hollywood on my parents' dime. My roommates and I rent an old seventies Spanish-style house; we live there with a pit bull named Jake and a Siamese fighting fish named Felicia. In between my music gigs I'm a driver for Uber and Lyft. Driving helps me network with all kinds of people in the entertainment industry, not to mention meet a ton of gorgeous women.

Los Angeles is filled with porn stars, strippers, and models, and many of them don't have a car, or they don't like driving, or really like partying, so they use rideshare apps to get around town. Most of the girls I drive are pretty cool, and I've become friends with a few regulars who I kick it with outside the car.

One evening, a tall, shapely mama with big bouncy boobies and curly brown hair, wearing a short wool skirt, a midriff sweater, and knee-high boots, ran to my car carrying several bags and waving at me frantically. She opened the back passenger door and asked, "You Dylan, Uber? I'm Sara." This chick was a fox on stilts.

"Yes," I said. (I would've said yes, regardless!) "Are we waiting for anyone else?" I asked. She laughed, shaking her head no, then smiled at me as she slid into my Ford Focus. Wiggling her slinky hips sideways to the middle of the seat, she pulled her bags in beside her. She then sat back, parting her long legs and straddling them over the floor divider as she opened her knees wider. Letting out a loud sigh, she stretched her feet under the front seats. She was like a baby giraffe in a clown car.

While I was checking the route on my GPS, she rearranged her bags, pulling out clothes and shoes and placing them onto the seat next to her. Through the rearview mirror I got a glimpse between her legs—and swore I saw the pale pink of her bare pussy peeking from the edge of the stretchy fabric. My dick stiffened in my slightly too-tight jeans. I could feel its thickness straining against the denim and suddenly wished I had worn sweatpants.

"I hope you keep your eyes on the road when we're driving," she kidded as she caught me checking her out in the mirror. I was embarrassed—until she opened her legs a little wider, teasing me with her vagina from the backseat.

During the drive, she practically made it her mission to crash us. I know that sounds crazy, but she was totally loving watching me in the mirror as I watched her get off. I could see her fingers working their magic on her pussy lips, tracing their outline, parting them, and then gently squeezing them together again. It was rhythmic—open, close, open, close. I had to keep it together. I wasn't watching the road. I blurted out, "Why me?" like a schoolboy, and she leaned forward, close to my seat. I could smell the sweet cotton candy scent from her soft curls cascading around her face. She replied, "Because you're a cutie-pie rock star, and I'm fucking horny tonight."

SARA TURNED AROUND IN THE SEAT AND BENT OVER WITH HER BUTT IN THE AIR, GIVING ME A MUCH BETTER VIEW.

Mind. Blown. She started talking dirty to me from the backseat. "You want to taste my sweet peach, don't you, Dylan? I'm so wet right now…. I'm dripping onto your seat. Oops, let me get that," she said, and wiping the leather under her ass, scooped up her juices and sucked her fingers one by one, milking them with her pouty lips. She then fingered herself with one hand and rubbed her clit with the other.

I could hear squishing noises between her low moans as her fingers picked up the pace, and she pounded her pussy harder. Then she pulled her fingers out of her wet pussy and started licking them one by one. My dick was about to detonate. I had to find a place to pull over before I came in my pants.

I found a scenic outlook on Mulholland Drive that was surprisingly empty, and I parked. Sara had turned around in the seat and was bent over with her butt in the air, giving me a much better view. She shimmied her short skirt above her ass and exposed her glistening slit. I could see shimmery come trails running down her inner thighs. "Eat my pussy, Dylan," Sara cooed, as if I needed an invitation. I squeezed between the front seats and face-planted her ass.

Grabbing her firm cheeks in each hand, I spread her wide open and buried my face deep into her wet silk, pulling her toward me. I parted her thick lips with my tongue and pushed up and down on the crease between her plump labia. I buried my nose in her butthole, and jabbed my firm tongue in and out of her quivering pussy. After a few minutes of tongue-fucking, her syrupy gash-goo was dripping down my chin. I wiped my face across the soft milky skin of her ass and then playfully slapped it.

I crawled into the backseat and cracked the windows so they wouldn't fog up. There was definitely an element of danger—the potential of getting caught—that made the whole experience even more intense. I laid down on the seat and angled myself so Sara could have her way with me. Sitting on the floor and scrunching over, she took my swollen shaft in both her hands and lowered her mouth, wrapping her generous lips around my thickness and throating it like a pro. As she came up for air, she traced the vein on the underside of my monster cock with the tip of her tongue. "Why do skinny guys always have the biggest dicks?" she asked no one.

Sara carefully (and acrobatically) positioned herself so she was straddling my waist, then lowered herself onto me and widened her eyes as she took it in. She was sitting on me with all her weight and expertly rocking her hips as if she

were taking a final exam in some renegade Zumba class. Her cunt felt like a velvet glove stroking my erection. She leaned forward on her hands, bouncing her backside up and down, riding my dick. She quickened the pace until she was bucking wildly—her world-class ass slapping noisily each time she came down.

Sara threw her head back, moaning loudly in ecstasy, increasing her intensity. Her cries sent me over the edge, so I grabbed her hips and and started pumping ferociously. When I yelled, "I'm coming!" she responded, "Me too, oh my God!" We both stiffened up our bodies at the same time as she unleashed a tidal wave on my cock and I shot several warm ropes deep inside her.

Collapsing on top of me, Sara and I lay chest-to-chest. I could feel her heart beating. We stayed in that position, basking in the afterglow for several minutes.

We cleaned ourselves up and I dropped Sara off at her apartment building. I gave her my card, she gave me a kiss, and later I saw that she rated me five stars.

–Dylan A., Los Angeles, California

LOVE ME TINDER

WHEN I broke up with my girlfriend last year, I went crazy putting my dick into just about anything that would help me fuck some distance between us. I hooked up with a new girl every weekend, sometimes two if I made a move on the stragglers bumbling about at last call. Once I got my ex out of my system, I went back to dating.

Like most of my buddies, I logged on to Tinder. Swipe, swipe, swipe. Yes to all of them. Then, when I had someone on the line, I would choose to pursue based only on whether or not I could imagine myself boning her (okay—maybe I didn't get my ex completely out of my system). I went on a few horrible dates until I hit the jackpot.

Carrie was sexy. She was kind of shy and didn't wear revealing clothes, but her laugh and the way she didn't break eye contact when she leaned down for a sip of her vodka soda let me know that she could be wild. After three drinks and some appetizers, I invited her back to my place.

IT TOOK ME A SECOND TO PROCESS THAT SHE HAD SQUIRTED, AND THIS REALIZATION GAVE ME THE MOST POWERFUL ORGASM OF MY LIFE.

Carrie didn't play coy when we got through the door. She asked for a tour of my tiny apartment, and when I showed her the bedroom, she went and made herself comfortable on the bed. I'd made the bed before leaving—a trick I learned from my older brother. For some reason, women think that a guy who makes his bed isn't a "love-her-and-leave-her" type (try it and thank me later).

Anyhoo, with Carrie on my bed and basically giving me the green light, I went over to her and undid my belt. She quickly took over and unbuttoned my jeans, pulling my boxers down with them. She gently tugged me onto the bed, and I took my T-shirt off in one quick motion as she opened her dress and let it fall to the floor. She was naked—there was no bra to struggle with, or panties…or anything. It's always the unassuming ones….

I flipped onto my back, maintaining eye contact as Carrie bent over, grabbed the base of my shaft, and started licking it from balls to tip. Her tongue swirled at the top, teasing my head, and then went back down again. Her soft moans gently vibrated my dick and my eyes rolled back into my head. She loved sucking cock and it showed. I grabbed my phone and asked if she'd mind if I made a video—she agreed, but made me promise to keep it private.

I hit the record button and, after a minute of her giving my cock the best oral action I'd ever had, she turned facing away from me and mounted me in reverse. My favorite position. I tried to hold my phone steady as her hand guided my shotgun insider her. Her long, light brown hair was hanging down her back, and as she leaned forward

to grab my ankles I had a view of the side of her face, but I kept the video focused on the way her ass was grinding onto me. I was thinking that Carrie was the best I'd ever had until she suddenly took me to another world, clinching the gold medal in fucking.

Moving only her hips, she twerked her ass while my dick was inside her, and I saw my shaft slide almost completely out of her wet pussy. Then, she'd slide all the way back down, her ass resting on my lower abs, my dick deep inside her. Completely overtaken by the amazing feeling, I dropped the phone and put both hands on her ass cheeks as she played hide-and-seek with my cock.

I held my dick steady with my thumb and two fingers, getting them wet, and then slowly slid my thumb into Carrie's asshole. Her moans got louder and she started to move faster. I pushed down with my thumb and I could feel my cock through the thin wall separating her ass and snatch. I'd never felt anything like it before, and it was so fucking good. I had to stop her for a few seconds so I didn't blow my load early and disappoint my amazing fuck partner.

After a few moments of the hottest mannequin challenge ever, I put my hands on her tits and gently pulled her onto me—her back resting on my chest. I thrusted up while she met my movements by angling her hips down, fucking me back. I moved my left hand to her nipple, playing around with it, and slid my right down her tight stomach to her clit. Her breast fit into my hand perfectly, just like everything else about this fuck session. I put a lot of pressure onto her little button and moved my fingers quickly in a sort of waving motion. We were completely in rhythm with each other and her voice was as sweet as a fucking angel. "Right there!" she moaned. "Don't stop!"

I pinched her nipple harder and rolled her clit between my thumb and forefinger. I was on the edge, ready to come whenever she did. All of a sudden, I felt a huge gush of warm fluid on me, like someone had dropped a mug of warm water between us. It took me a second to process that she had squirted—my first time ever experiencing that with a woman—and this realization gave me the most powerful orgasm of my life. I shot my load so hard and deep into her pussy, it was almost a full thirty seconds before my dick stopped spurting and twitching.

She rolled off of me, and we were silent, just lying there for a few moments. Both of us sticky, sweaty, salty, and totally satisfied. After a few moments, Carrie broke the silence and asked to watch the video. Before I knew it, we were working on the sequel.

–Daniel M., Lubbock, Texas

SYMPATHY FUCK

I MET Anoushka as she stood behind one of several windows in the county clerk's office. It wasn't lost on me that, just four years earlier, I had stood with the woman I loved to pick up our marriage license and here I was, the day of our anniversary, filing for divorce. I would have said it was ironic, and my soon-to-be ex would say it wasn't. She had the annoying habit of arguing about stupid shit like that. She also had the annoying habit of fucking my younger brother. But that's their story, not mine.

Back to Anoushka. Anoushka had a body that, even through double panels of bulletproof glass, I could tell was fucking glorious. Civil servants, man. A steady gig, reasonable pay, and two panes of reinforced glass to foster that healthy, I-don't-give-a-fuck attitude. It looked good on her.

It was February 14. Did you know that, of marriages that begin and end on the same day of the year, February 14 is the winner by far? But I wasn't really thinking about that. I was thinking more about how I hadn't been interested in sex lately, and that Anoushka was changing my mind. She turned to staple the forms, revealing tight, clean Levis. Civil service. You can wear what you want. I was also thinking about how my divorce paperwork cost more than my marriage paperwork by like 80 bucks.

"I got married three windows down," I said.

"Yup, that was probably Karen," Anoushka said, checking my pages. "I've seen ten Karens today."

"Whaddaya mean?" I asked.

I FELT HER NAILS ON MY BALLS AND HER HOT MOUTH SLICKING MY SHAFT.

"Ten people whose marriage licenses Karen processed. She has to buy me lunch now."

"Jesus Christ," I said. "That's so cold."

"I'm sorry," Anoushka said, pressing her tits on the countertop like she knew it would cheer me up. "You'll find somebody new. You're young and you're hot, right? You know when I buy lunch for Karen? When at least ten people that I ran the divorce paperwork for show up for marriage licenses again on the same day."

"How many times has that happened?" I asked.

"Like thirty times," Anoushka said. "I'm getting Karen fat." (And at that moment I remembered Karen, who was already pretty fat four years ago.)

There was something about Anoushka's sunny but no-bullshit behavior, and her willingness to talk to a member of the unwashed public, that made me go for it.

"Can I take you out after work?" I asked. "Unless you think I'm damaged goods."

Anoushka looked me over for a length of time that made me doubt my resolve, but then she gave me the first yes I'd heard in a long time.

"Yeah," she said. "I think that would be nice."

We met at a steakhouse downtown, the type of place that had been really classy back in the forties but now, with nighttime business reduced, was a little seedy. And that was fine. Anoushka was a little seedy. I was a little seedy.

Speaking of seed, I wanted to spread some of my own when I saw her walk in the door. All the curves from earlier in the day were on display, but now there were just fewer clothes (and no bulletproof glass) to cover them up.

"Thank you," she said to the waiter in Farsi when he took her jacket.

"They know you around here?" I asked. "Or did you know he was Persian?"

"They know me," she said. "I bring dates here."

I gotta tell you that her candor made me relieved. She was treating me like a date, like the most normal thing in the world, rather than some rebounding loser, which was how I felt a lot of the time. She slid closer to me, as if acknowledging this, pressing her full, taut thigh against my leg.

"You showered since I last saw you," she said.

"Yeah, I'm kind of reclaiming the house, moving furniture," I said. "I got a little gross."

She found something to play with in my hair, and brushed her fingernails lightly against my scalp.

"Out with the old," she said. "Just remember to always make your bed, no matter how depressed you get. It helps. Plus, you never know who's coming over."

Well, we had a great dinner. She told me about her own divorce ten years ago, her economical solo travel (augmented by the hefty alimony she got from her ex, whom she said was a bastard but they were still friends), and how she just meets so many interesting people in her divorce line at the county building.

Beyond anything, I was having a great time. The meal was delicious and the company was beautiful and high-spirited. Men passing our table checked her out and threw half-smiles at me, like I'd just scored. And I had!

We split the check ("See you again, Anoushka," the waiter said) and walked to the parking lot.

"I brought you a gift," she said. "Walk me to my car."

Her car was a late-model red SUV, something that you could only afford if there were other sources of income than stamping divorce paperwork, processing DBAs, and filing zoning easements all day.

"It's in the back."

We walked to the back of her truck and I really did expect her to pop the trunk and give me a box of candy or a getting-through-divorce book, like she was just a chick with a heart of gold who recognized

a lonely man when she saw one. Instead, she leaned against the hatchback of the truck, draped her arms around my neck, pressed her chest against me, and kissed me. She put her whole body into it, and her scent filled my nostrils.

When we broke the kiss for a moment (it was me—my erection was pressing through my pants into her ribcage and it was fucking embarrassing), I said, "Whoa."

"'Whoa' good or 'whoa' bad?" Anoushka asked.

"'Whoa my pants are uncomfortable,'" I said truthfully.

She looked me over again and extended a surprisingly gentle left hand, cupping my balls through my pants.

"Oh, baby," she said. "Looks like you're ready to burst!"

And with that, this Middle Eastern bombshell dropped to her knees, expertly unbelted and unzipped my pants, and had my solid cock bouncing free in the cold night air. Anyone exiting the restaurant would have to look closely to see anything untoward, as Anoushka's candy-apple SUV was blocking everything but my surprised face.

I felt her nails on my balls and her hot mouth slicking my shaft, and I slowly leaned against her SUV as, across the parking lot, two elderly busboys and the waiter suddenly found the need to take a smoke break, staring over at the car and smirking. I didn't care. I didn't care how many men Anoushka had blown in the parking lot. This was exactly what I needed. I thought: *I'm going to come down a woman's throat like I didn't in four years of marriage.* But then Anoushka surprised me again.

"You're too big, Godzilla," she said (I'm not too big, but she was saying all the right things). "I want you inside me."

Of course she had a condom ready. It was on my cock in seconds (and my brand, too! What, did she run a credit check on me in the office or something?) and she turned around and planted her small hands in the prints of mine on the window. I pulled up her dress, moved her panties aside, and found a cunt that was swollen and ready. I eased into what I thought was a tremendously claustrophobic blast furnace and immediately knew I was in trouble.

We hit a rhythm fast and, within two minutes, I could feel the whole tumbling machinery of her pussy quivering around me. It wasn't me. It was her. She just liked fucking. She was coming now, and her body was trying to push me out, but I wouldn't let it. I held on to her great ass and fucked another orgasm out of her. Then I was ready for mine.

"I want to come on your ass," I said.

Anoushka's cheek was pressed against her dirty rear window. "Give me one more and you can come *in* my ass," she said.

Suddenly I felt that my hardness get notched up to 11, and I drove into her with a ferocity that bordered on violence. Consensual violence with a stranger. Her orgasm started churning, her breath fogging the glass, one hand's nails scratching my thigh, the closest surface she could reach. Of course I wasn't going to take off the condom, throw my cock in her ass, and come there (we say all sorts of things when we're fucking, don't we?), but I did pull off the latex shield and send what seemed like six sad months of pent-up seediness onto her ass and back.

Anoushka immediately stood up and straightened her dress over the hot pool on her back. I picked up my pants and folded myself back into them. I tossed the condom into a garbage can that was nearby—had she thought of that, too?

I suspected this was a once-in-a-lifetime thing, but I couldn't help but imagine, in that moment in a cold parking lot on Valentine's Day, that Anoushka, so kind and sexy and funny, was the perfect woman for me.

"Will I see you again?" I asked after we kissed warmly.

She looked me up and down.

"I don't know," she said. "But definitely come see me before you see Karen again."

–J.F., Seattle, Washington

PETTING ZOO

BY SAM PHILLIPS

BRIANA BANKS

JUNE 1993 Pet of the Month Sam Phillips catches up with Briana Banks, our Pet of the Month for June 2001.

5 THINGS I LEARNED ABOUT BRIANA:

1
"My nickname growing up was 'Tits on a stick.' I weighed 100 pounds and had double Ds."

2
"Growing up I wanted to be either a lawyer, a newscaster, or a model. I always wanted to be in the public eye in some way, shape, or form."

3
"I am absolutely obsessed with lotion. I put lotion on three times a day and coconut oil morning and night. Then I put about three different layers of facial moisturizer on, and I spray on two kinds of leave-in conditioner. I am a junkie when it comes to toiletries."

4
"I crave cheese all the time. I am addicted to string cheese, provolone cheese, cheese and crackers, cheese fondue…any kind of cheese. You name it, I'll eat it."

5
"If I'm into a guy, my favorite thing to smell is his armpit. After sex I like to get right up in there. It's sexy."

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DIE, DIE, JAI ALAI

BY DAVE CARNIE

I MEET my wife in Miami every December after she finishes working the Art Basel fair. There are some things we do every visit: drink at the Deuce, eat at Tap Tap, get a frita at El Mago, and watch jai alai at the Casino Miami. The latter is a very peculiar experience. For one, the environment at Casino Miami is one of supreme degradation. If you have an Indian gaming casino in your area, you've surely seen TV commercials that portray handsome men and beautiful women having a lovely time eating, drinking, dancing, and gambling responsibly. They could never shoot a commercial like that at Casino Miami. It is a hospice for the walking dead. Nothing but zombies yanking on slots.

The jai alai stadium adjacent to the casino isn't much different. While the game being played on the *cancha* (court) probably looks no different than it did back in the golden days of the eighties when cocaine ruled Miami, and sexy waitresses delivered champagne to Tony Montana, today the stadium is nearly empty save for small groups of old, mostly Cuban men muttering to their betting tickets. (One bets on jai alai much like a horse race: win, place, show, exacta, trifecta, etc.) I enjoy it because it's an interesting place to sit down, have a couple beers, and experience a different side of Miami culture while watching a weird sport that hardly anyone plays anymore.

The game itself is mesmerizing. The players catch the *pelota* (ball) with their *cesta* (the weird anteater basket they wear on their wrist) and huck it at the end wall. The pelota is "the hardest ball in any sport," a little smaller than a baseball, and sounds like a billiard ball when it hits the granite wall at well over 100 mph. There's something deeply satisfying about the sound of the impact. It's violent, like a beer bottle breaking on cement, but very precise, like the crack of a bullet. So on my last visit to Miami, I made a point of not just attending the jai alai games at Casino Miami, but I arranged with a local amateur jai alai club to actually play the game before it disappears from the face of the earth.

I met with Luis, the owner of the club, in his windowless office next to the cavernous jai alai court that fills the warehouse space he shares with a gymnastics training facility. Luis sat at a plastic table with a handful of men playing dominoes. Another half dozen men, the youngest of whom was in his 50s, were playing jai alai on the court.

"The sport is dead," was one of the first things Luis said when I turned on my recorder.

"It's strange," I said, "that 'the fastest sport in the world' isn't attractive to young people? I mean, it's fast, dangerous, and weird."

Luis blamed the sport's decline on phones and videogames. He pantomimed his kids by making a cross-eyed stupid face while twiddling his thumbs over an invisible phone. He lamented that the casino is cutting back on the number of jai alai matches and he predicts it won't be long before they cancel it altogether. Luis was a nice guy, but talking about the state of his beloved sport made him grumpy.

I was reminded of my conversation with Luis the other day when I saw drone racing on ESPN. What the fuck is drone racing? I have to admit I was amused by the discovery of this new "sport" on multiple levels. First, I laughed because I thought, *I'm old,* as in, *How is this a fucking sport?* My second thought was, *Note to self: Write script about a crew of future drone racers. The U.S. military sees their skills on the plasma screen, recruits them to take out a terrorist death star*. And then I thought, *Oh. That could probably really happen…if it isn't happening already.*

THERE'S SOMETHING DEEPLY SATISFYING ABOUT THE SOUND OF THE IMPACT. IT'S VIOLENT, LIKE A BEER BOTTLE BREAKING ON CEMENT.

This all got me thinking about the landscape of sport in general. We take our oversaturated sports culture for granted, but the reality is that organized team sport, as we know it, is a relatively recent development in history. Soccer and hockey can be traced back thousands of years to related activities, but baseball, basketball, and football are nineteenth-century creations. Sports are born, sports die, and jai alai appears to be nearing the end of its life. It made me wonder what a world without team sports would be like? Probably won't happen in our lifetime, but it's definitely a possibility.

I heard a Radiolab podcast recently on the subject of football. Chuck Klosterman mentions this same podcast in his book *But What If We're Wrong?* (reviewed on page 50). The takeaway from the podcast is that data from around the U.S. shows youth participation in all team sports is down. The producers surveyed a swath of football coaches who, like Luis, all blame the same culprit: videogames.

"The bottom line," one coach said about videogames, "is that today if the kid doesn't like the score, he just hits restart. He starts the game over."

Klosterman says this might sound like the reactionary complaint of a disgruntled Luddite. "But sometimes," he writes, "the reactionaries are right. It's wholly possible that the nature

PHOTO: GETTY / GAIZKA IROZ

of electronic gaming has instilled an expectation of success in young people that makes physical sports less desirable. There's also the possibility that videogames are more inclusive, that they give the child more control, and that they're simply easier for kids who lack natural physical gifts. All of which point to an incontestable conclusion: Compared to traditional athletics, videogame culture is much closer to the (allegedly) enlightened world we (supposedly) want to inhabit."

Videogame culture is now represented in the X Games and participants (athletes?) have been awarded medals. Whether or not you agree it's a "sport," eGaming is definitely a thing and it is well on its way to being a very popular and lucrative thing. A producer friend of mine, Morgan Stone, has done some work in the eGaming community and he said it reminds him of how skateboarding was in the early days before it became more accepted by mainstream culture. "They don't really understand what they have," Morgan said about the eGaming. "They have a lot of passion, but are not sure where they're going with it."

One difference between eGaming and skateboarding, however, is that there is already a lot of money involved in the former. Morgan, for instance, naively thought that offering a prominent eGamer kid an all-expense-paid trip to compete in a tournament in Germany, plus a couple grand on top of that, was a very generous offer. But the kid declined to go, saying, "Uh, I can make that much in one day playing at home."

After Luis and I talked, he led me out onto the court, tied a cesta around my wrist, and I played jai alai. Although I use the word "played" loosely. I had no shortage of coaches as Luis and all his friends had an opinion on how I should throw the ball. I felt what it was like to be the only girl in a bar: I had every boy's attention. I also threw like a girl. It looks like the easiest thing in the world, but I could not figure out how to huck that thing at the wall. (For reference purposes, I played baseball and hockey as a kid, so I'm familiar with throwing, shooting, and hucking things.) Occasionally the ball left the cesta as intended, but not often enough. Jai alai is fun, I had a great time, but after an hour of looking like an idiot, I could understand why it wasn't more popular with kids.

"Luis, that was really hard, but it was fun. Thanks," I said as I freed my hand from the cesta. "My arm's going to be really sore, huh?"

"Like you've been jacking off for a week," Luis replied.

So, in conclusion, jai alai is done, football is dying, and all the other major sports will be taken out by kids flying military drones—except hockey, which is just going to melt away due to global warming. The end (game).

To play jai alai, contact Luis at www.americanjaialai.com. To watch professional jai alai, visit www.casinomiamijaialai.com.

KATE SIMMONS

PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH, SEPTEMBER 1978

THE EROTIC REVIEW

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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

★★★★★

★★★★★

★★★★★

After sipping some champaign, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.

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